

THE  
Tea-Table  
MISCELLANY:  
OR, A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
Celebrated SONGS.

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*When we behold her angel Face,  
Or when she sings with heavenly Grace,  
In what we hear and what we see,  
How ravishing's the Harmony!  
No Charms like Celia's Voice surprise,  
Except the Musick of her Eyes.*

LANSDOWN.

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VOL. III.

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THE  
 Tea-Table  
 MISCELLANY:  
 OR A  
 COLLECTION  
 OF  
 Celebrated SONGS.



When we behold the world  
 Of which we live, with many a tear,  
 In what we live, and what we see,  
 How everything is passing by,  
 No change like Cato's voice,  
 Hence the Muses of the East.

LONDON:

VOL. III.



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*A Collection of Celebrated*  
**S O N G S.**

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**S O N G I.**

**A** Nymph of the Plain,  
By a jolly young Swain,  
By a jolly young Swain,  
Was address'd to be kind:  
But relentless I find  
To his Prayers she appear'd,  
Tho' himself he endear'd,  
In a Manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,  
As soon might persuade her his Passion to meet.

How much he ador'd her,  
How oft he implor'd her,  
How oft he implor'd her  
I cannot express;  
But he lov'd to Excess,  
And swore he would die,  
If she would not comply,  
In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,  
As soon might persuade her his Passion to meet.

While Blushes like Roses,  
 Which Nature composes,  
 Which Nature composes,  
 Vermillion'd her Face,  
 With an Ardure and Grace,  
 Which her Lover improv'd,  
 When he found he had mov'd,  
 In a Manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,  
 As soon might persuade her his Passion to meet.

When wak'd from the Joy,  
 Which their Souls did employ,  
 Which their Souls did employ;  
 From her ruby warm Lips,  
 Thousand Odours he sips,  
 At the Sight of her Eyes  
 He faints and he dies,  
 In a Manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,  
 As soon might persuade her his Passion to meet.

But how they shall part,  
 Now becomes all the Smart,  
 Now becomes all the Smart,  
 'Till he vow'd to his Fair,  
 That to ease his own Care,  
 He would meet her again,  
 And 'till then be in Pain,  
 In a Manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,  
 As soon might persuade her his Passion to meet.

S O N G

## SONG II.

SEND home my long stray'd Eyes to me,  
 Which ah! too long have dwelt on thee;  
 But if from thee they've learn'd such Ill,  
     To sweetly smile,  
     And then beguile,  
 Keep the Deceivers, keep them still.

Send home my harmless Heart again,  
 Which no unworthy Thought could stain;  
 But if it has been taught by thine,  
     To forfeit both  
     Its Word and Oath,  
 Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me home my Heart and Eyes,  
 That I may see and know thy Lyes,  
 And laugh one Day perhaps when thou  
     Shalt grieve for one  
     Thy Love will scorn,  
 And prove as false as thou art now.

## SONG III.

WHILST I fondly view the Charmer,  
     Thus the God of Love I sue,  
 Gentle *Cupid*, pray disarm her,  
     *Cupid*, if you love me, do:  
 Of a thousand Sweets bereave her,  
     Rob her Neck, her Lips and Eyes,  
 The Remainder still will leave her  
     Power enough to tyrannize.

Shape

Shape and Feature, Flame and Passion,  
 Still in every Breast will move,  
 More is Supererogation,  
 Meer Idolatry of Love:  
 You may dress a World of *Chloes*;  
 In the Beauties she can spare;  
 Hear him, *Cupid*, who no Foe is  
 To your Altars, or the Fair.

Foolish Mortal, pray be easy,  
 Angry *Cupid* made reply,  
 Do *Florella's* Charms displease you?  
 Die then, foolish Mortal, die:  
 Fancy not that I'll deprive her  
 Of the captivating Store;  
 Shepherd, no, I'll rather give her  
 Twenty Thousand Beauties more.

Were *Florella* proud and sour,  
 Apt to mock a Lover's Care;  
 Justly then you'd pray that Power  
 Shou'd be taken from the Fair:  
 But tho' I spread a Blemish o'er her,  
 No Relief in that you'll find;  
 Still, fond Shepherd, you'll adore her,  
 For the Beauties of her Mind.

## SONG IV.

TEN Years, like *Troy*, my stubborn Heart  
 Withstood th' Assault of fond Desires;  
 But now, alas! I feel a Smart;  
 Poor I, like *Troy*, am set on fire.

With

With Care we may a Pile secure,  
 And from all common Sparks defend;  
 But oh! who can a House secure,  
 When the celestial Flames descend?

Thus was I safe, 'till from your Eyes  
 Destructive Fires are brightly given:  
 Ah! who can shun the warm Surprise,  
 When lo! the Light'ning comes from Heaven.

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SONG V.

**W**HILST I gaze on *Chloe* trembling;  
 Strait her Eyes my Fate declare;  
 When she smiles, I fear dissembling;  
 When she frowns, I then despair.  
 Jealous of some Rival Lover,  
 If a wandring Look she give:  
 Fain I would resolve to leave her,  
 But can sooner cease to live.

Why should I conceal my Passion,  
 Or the Torments I endure?  
 I will disclose my Inclination:  
 Awful Distance yields no Cure.  
 Sure it is not in her Nature,  
 To be cruel to her Slave;  
 She is too divine a Creature  
 To destroy what she can save.

Happy's he whose Inclination  
 Warms but with a gentle Heat:  
 Never mounts to raging Passion,  
 Love's a Torment, if too great.

When



When the Storm is once blown over,  
 Soon the Ocean quiet grows;  
 But a constant faithful Lover  
 Seldom meets with true Repose.

## SONG VI.

**M**Y Days have been so wond'rous free,  
 The little Birds that fly,  
 With careless Ease, from Tree to Tree,  
 Were but as blest as I.

Ask gliding Waters, if a Tear  
 Of mine increas'd their Stream;  
 Or ask the flying Gales, if e'er  
 I lent a Sigh to them.

But now my former Days retire,  
 And I'm by Beauty caught:  
 The tender Chains of sweet Desire  
 Are fixt upon my Thought.

An eager Hope within my Breast  
 Does every Doubt controul;  
 And lovely Nancy stands confest  
 The Favourite of my Soul.

Ye Nightingales, ye twisting Pines,  
 Ye Swains that haunt the Grove,  
 Ye gentle Ecchoes, breezy Winds,  
 Ye close Retreats of Love;

With all of Nature, all of Art,  
 Assist the dear Design,



O teach a young unpractis'd Heart,  
To make her ever mine.

The very Thought of Change I hate  
As much as of Despair,  
And hardly covet to be great,  
Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, the Passion in my Mind  
Is mixt with soft Distress;  
Yet while the Fair I love is kind,  
I cannot wish it less.

## SONG VII.

**A**LL in the Downs the Fleet was moor'd,  
The Streamers waving in the Wind,  
When black-eyed Susan came on board;  
Oh! where shall I my true Love find?  
Tell me, ye jovial Sailors, tell me true,  
If my sweet William sails among the Crew.

William, who high upon the Yard,  
Rock'd with the Billows to and fro;  
Soon as her well-known Voice he heard,  
He sigh'd and cast his Eyes below:  
The Cord slides swiftly thro' his glowing Hands,  
And quick as Lightning on the Deck he stands.

So the sweet Lark, high pois'd in Air,  
Shuts close his Pinions to his Breast,  
(If chance his Mate's shrill Voice he hear)  
And drops at once into her Nest:  
The noblest Captain in the British Fleet  
Might envy William's Lips those Kisses sweet.

O *Susan, Susan*, lovely Dear!  
 My Vows shall ever true remain,  
 Let me Kiss off that falling Tear,  
 We only part to meet again;  
 Change as ye list, ye Winds, my Heart shall be  
 The faithful Compass that still points at thee.

Believe not what the Landmen say,  
 Who tempt with Doubts thy constant Mind;  
 They'll tell, the Sailors when away,  
 In every Port a Mistress find;  
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,  
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair *India's* Coast we sail,  
 Thy Eyes are seen in Diamonds bright,  
 Thy Breath is *Africk's* spicy Gale,  
 Thy Skin is Ivory so white;  
 Thus every beauteous Object that I view,  
 Makes in my Soul some Charms of lovely *Sue*.

Tho' Battles call me from thy Arms,  
 Let not my pretty *Susan* mourn,  
 Tho' Cannons roar, yet safe from Harms  
*William* shall to his Dear return:  
 Love turns aside the Balls that round me fly,  
 Lest precious Tears should drop from *Susan's* Eye.

The Boatswain gave the dreadful Word,  
 The Sails their swelling Bosom spread,  
 No longer must she stay aboard;  
 They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his Head:  
 Her lessning Boat unwilling rows to Land,  
 Adieu, she crys; and wav'd her lilly Hand.

## SONG VIII.

SWEET are the Charms of her I love,  
 More fragrant than the damask Rose,  
 Soft as the Down of Turtle Dove,  
 Gentle as Winds when *Zephyr* blows,  
 Refreshing, as descending Rains  
 To sun-burnt Climes, and thirsty Plains.

True as the Need'e to the Pole,  
 Or as the Dial to the Sun,  
 Constant as gliding Waters roll,  
 Whose swelling Tides obey the Moon;  
 From every other Charmer free,  
 My Life and Love shall follow thee.

The Lamb the flow'ry Thyme devours  
 The Dam the tender Kid pursues,  
 Sweet *Philomel*, in shady Bowers  
 Of verdant Spring, her Note renews;  
 All follow what they most admire,  
 As I pursue my Soul's Desire.

Nature must change her beauteous Face,  
 And vary as the Seasons rise;  
 As Winter to the Spring gives place,  
 Summer th' Approach of Autumn flies;  
 No Change on Love the Seasons bring,  
 Love only knows perpetual Spring.

Devouring Time, with stealing Pace,  
 Makes lofty Oaks and Cedars bow;  
 And Marble Towers and Walls of Bricks  
 In his rude March he levels low:  
 But Time, destroying far and wide,  
 Love from the Soul can ne'er divide.

Death only with his cruel Dart  
 The gentle Godhead can remove,  
 And drive him from the bleeding Heart,  
 To mingle with the Blest above;  
 Where known to all his Kindred Train,  
 He finds a lasting Rest from Pain.

Love and his Sister fair, the Soul,  
 Twin-born from Heaven together came:  
 Love will the Universe controul,  
 When dying Seasons lose their Name;  
 Divine Abodes shall own his Power,  
 When Time and Death shall be no more.

## SONG IX.

**F**AIR *Iris* and her Swain  
 Were in a shady Bower,  
 Where *Thirsis* long in vain  
 Had sought the happy Hour;  
 At length his Hand advancing  
 Upon her snowy Breast,  
 He said, O! kiss me longer,  
 Longer yet and longer,  
 If you would make me blest.

*I R I S.*

An easy yielding-Maid  
 By trusting is undone,  
 Our Sex is oft betray'd  
 By granting Love too soon;  
 If you desire to gain me,

Your

Your Sufferings to redress,  
 Prepare to love me longer,  
 Longer yet and longer,  
 Before you shall possess.

## THIRTS.

The little Care you show  
 Of all my Sorrows past,  
 Makes Death appear too slow,  
 And Life too long to last;  
 Oh *Iris*! kiss me kindly,  
 In pity of my Fate,  
 Fair *Iris*, kiss me kindly,  
 Kindly still and kindly,  
 Before it be too late.

## IRIS.

You fondly court your Bliss,  
 And no Advances make,  
 'Tis not for Maids to kiss,  
 But 'tis for Men to take:  
 So you may kiss me kindly,  
 And I will not rebel,  
*Thirs* may kiss me kindly,  
 Kindly still and kindly;  
 But never kiss and tell.

## ALTERNATIVE.

And may I kiss you kindly?  
*Yes you may kiss me kindly,*  
 And kindly still and kindly?  
*And kindly still and kindly.*  
 And will you not rebel?  
*And I will not rebel.*  
 Then, Love, I'll kiss thee kindly,  
 Kindly still and kindly;  
 But never kiss and tell.



## SONG X.

**A**H! bright *Belinda*, hither fly,  
 And such a Light discover,  
 As may the absent Sun supply,  
 And cheer the drooping Lover.

Arise, my Day, with speed arise,  
 And all my Sorrows banish:  
 Before the Sun of thy bright Eyes,  
 All gloomy Terrors vanish.

No longer let me sigh in vain,  
 And curse the hoarded Treasure:  
 Why should you love to give us Pain,  
 When you were made for Pleasure?

The petty Powers of Hell destroy;  
 To save 's the Pride of Heaven:  
 To you the first, if you prove coy;  
 If kind, the last is given.

The Choice then sure's not hard to make,  
 Betwixt a Good and Evil:  
 Which Title had you rather take,  
 My Goddess, or, my Devil?

## SONG XI.

**F**IE! *Liza*, scorn the little Arts,  
 Which meaner Beautys use,  
 Who think they ne'er secure our Hearts,  
 Unless they still refuse:



Are coy and shy ; will seem to frown  
 To raise our Passion higher ;  
 But when the poor Delight is known,  
 It quickly palls Desire.

Come, let's not trifle Time away,  
 Or stop you know not why ;  
 Your Blushes and your Eyes betray  
 What Death you mean to die !  
 Let all your Maiden-Fears be gone,  
 And Love no more be crost :  
 Ah ! *Liza*, when the Joys are known,  
 You'll curse the Minutes past.

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## S O N G XII.

**B**E wary, my *Celia*, when *Celadon* sues,  
 These *Wits* are the Bane of your Charms :  
 Beauty, play'd against Reason, will certainly lose,  
 Warring naked with Robbers in Arms.

Young *Damon* despis'd for his Plainness of Parts,  
 Has Worth that a Woman should prize ;  
 He'll run the Race out, tho' he heavily starts,  
 And *distance* the short-winded *Wife*.

Your *Fool* is a Saint in the Temple of Love,  
 And kneels all his Life there to pray ;  
 Your *Wit* but looks in, and makes haste to remove,  
 'Tis a Stage he but takes in his way.

## SONG XIII.

**S**TELLA and *Flavia* every Hour,  
Do various Hearts surprize;  
In *Stella's* Soul lies all her Power,  
And *Flavia's* in her Eyes.

More boundless *Flavia's* Conquests are,  
And *Stella's* more confin'd:  
All can discern a Face that's fair,  
But few a lovely Mind.

*Stella*, like *Britain's* Monarch, reigns  
O'er cultivated Lands;  
Like Eastern Tyrants, *Flavia* deigns  
To rule o'er barren Sands.

Then boast, fair *Flavia*, boast thy Face,  
Thy Beauty's only Store:  
Thy Charms will every Day decrease,  
Each Day gives *Stella* more.

## SONG XIV.

**O**F all the Girls that are so smart,  
There's none like pretty *Sally*;  
She is the Darling of my Heart,  
And she lives in our Alley:  
There is no Lady in the Land  
Is half so sweet as *Sally*;  
She is the Darling of my Heart,  
And she lives in our Alley.

Her Father he makes Cabbage-Nets;  
 And thro' the Streets does cry 'em;  
 Her Mother she sells Laces long,  
 To such as please to buy 'em:  
 But sure such Folks cou'd ne'er beget  
 So sweet a Girl as *Sally*;  
 She is the Darling of my Heart,  
 And she lives in our Alley.

When she is by, I leave my Work,  
 I love her so sincerely;  
 My Master comes like any *Turk*,  
 And bangs me most severely:  
 But let him bang his Belly full,  
 I'll bear it all for *Sally*;  
 She is the Darling of my Heart,  
 And she lives in our Alley.

Of all the Days are in the Week,  
 I dearly love but one Day,  
 And that's the Day that comes betwixt  
 The *Saturday* and *Monday*;  
 For then I'm drest all in my best,  
 To walk abroad with *Sally*;  
 She is the Darling of my Heart,  
 And she lives in our Alley.

My Master carries me to Church,  
 And often am I blamed,  
 Because I leave him in the Lurch,  
 As soon as Text is named:  
 I leave the Church in Sermon-Time,  
 And sink away with *Sally*;  
 She is the Darling of my Heart,  
 And she lives in our Alley.

When *Christmas* comes about again,  
 O! then I shall have Money;  
 I'll hoard it up, and box it all,  
 And give it to my Honey:  
 And wou'd it were ten thousand Pound,  
 I'd give it all to *Sally*;  
 She is the Darling of my Heart,  
 And she lives in our Alley.

My Master and the Neighbours all  
 Make Game of me and *Sally*,  
 And (but for her) I'd better be  
 A Slave, and row a Galley;  
 But when my seven long Years are out,  
 O! then I'll marry *Sally*,  
 O! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,  
 But not in our Alley.

## SONG XV.

**W**OULD you have a young Virgin of fifteen  
 Years,  
 You must tickle her Fancy with Sweets and Dears,  
 Ever toying and playing, and sweetly sweetly  
 Sing a Love-Sonnet, and charm her Ears;  
 Wittily prettily talk her down,  
 Chase her, and praise her, if fair or brown;  
 Sooth her and smooth her,  
 And tease her and please her,  
 And touch but her Smicket, and all's your own,

Do you fancy a Widow, well known in Man,  
 With a Front of Assurance come boldly on;  
 Be at her each Moment, and briskly briskly  
 Put her in mind, how her Time steals on;

Rattle

Rattle and prattle altho' she frown,  
 Rouse her and touse her from Morn to Noon,  
 And shew her some Hour  
 You'll answer her Dower,  
 And get but her Writings, and all's your own.

Do you fancy a Punk of a Humour free,  
 That's kept by a Fumbler of Quality,  
 You must rail at her Keeper, and tell her tell her,  
 That Pleasures's best Charm is Variety;  
 Swear her much fairer than all the Town,  
 Try her and ply her when Cully's gone,  
 Dog her and jog her,  
 And meet her and treat her,  
 And kiss with a Guinea, and all's your own.

## S O N G   X V I .

S H E .

**A** H Love! if a God thou wilt be,  
 Do Justice in favour of me;  
 For yonder approaching I see,  
 A Man with a Beard,  
 Who, as I have heard,  
 Has often undone  
 Poor Maids that have none,  
 With fighting and toying,  
 And crying and lying,  
 And such Kind of Foolery.

H E .

Fair Maid, by your Leave,  
 My Heart does receive  
 Strange Pleasure to meet you here;  
 Pray tremble not so,  
 Nor offer to go,  
 I'll do you no harm I swear.  
 I'll do you no harm I swear.

K .

S H E .



S H E.

My Mother is spinning at home,  
 My Father works hard at the Loom,  
 And we are a milking come;  
 Their Dinner they want;  
 Then pray ye, Sir, don't  
 Make more ado on't,  
 Nor give us Affront;  
 We're none of the Town  
 Will lie down for a Crown,  
 Then away, Sir, and give us room.

H E.

By *Phæbus* and *Jove*,  
 By Honour and Love,  
 I'll do thee dear Sweet no harm;  
 Ye're as fresh as a Rose,

I want one of those;  
 Ah! how such a Wife wou'd charm,  
 Ah! how such a Wife wou'd charm!

S H E.

And can you then like the old Rule,  
 Be conjugal, honest and dull,  
 And marry, and look like a Fool;  
 For I must be plain,  
 All Tricks are in vain;  
 There's nothing can gain  
 What you wou'd obtain,  
 Like moving and proving,  
 By wedding, true loving,  
 My Lesson I learnt at School.

H E.

I'll do't by this Hand,  
 I've Houses and Land,  
 Estate too in good Free-holds;  
 My Dear let us join,  
 It all shall be thine,  
 Besides a good Purse of Gold,  
 Besides a good Purse of Gold.

[S H E.]



S H E.

You make me to blush now, I vow ;

Ah me! shall I baulk my Cow?

But since the late Oath you have sworn,

Your Soul shall not be

In Danger for me ;

I'll rather agree

Of two to make three :

We'll wed, and we'll bed,

There's no more to be said,

And I'll ne'er go a milking more.

## S O N G XVII.

**M**AIDEN fresh as a Rose,  
Young, buxom, and full of Jollity,

Take no Spouse among Beaux,

Fond of their raking Quality ;

He who wears a long Bush,

All powder'd down from his Pericrane,

And with Nose full of Snuff,

Snuffles out Love in a merry Vein :

Who, to Dames of high Place,

Does prattle like any Parrot too ;

Yet with Doxies a Brace

At Night pigs in a Garret too ;

Patrimony out-run,

To make a fine Show to carry thee :

Plainly, Friend, thou'rt undone,

If such a Creature marry thee.

Then, for fear of a Bribe,

Of flattering Noise and Vanity,

Yoak a Lad of our Tribe,

Hell shew the best Humanity :

Flashy

Flashy thou wilt find Love,  
 In civil as well as secular;  
 But when Spirit doth move,  
 We have a Gift particular.

Tho' our Graveness is Pride,  
 That Boobys the more may venerate,  
 He that gets a good Bride,  
 Can jump when he's to generate:  
 Off then goes the Disguise,  
 To Bed in his Arms he'll carry thee;  
 Then, to be happy and wise,  
 Take Yea and Nay to marry thee.

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## S O N G    X V I I I .

**L**AST *Sunday* at Saint *James's* Pray'rs,  
 The Prince and Princess by,  
 I, dress'd in all my Whale-bone Airs,  
 Sat in a Closet nigh.

I bow'd my Knees, I held my Book,  
 Read all the Answers o'er;  
 But was perverted by a Look,  
 Which pierc'd me from the Door.

High Thoughts of Heav'n I came to use,  
 With the devoutest Care;  
 Which gay young *Strephon* made me lose,  
 And all the Raptures there.

He wait to hand me to my Chair,  
 And bow'd with courtly Grace;  
 But whisper'd Love into mine Ear,  
 Too warm for that grave Place.

Love,

Love, Love, said he, by all ador'd,  
 My tender Heart has won:  
 But I grew peevish at the Word,  
 Desir'd he might be gone.

He went quite out of Sight, while I  
 A kinder Answer meant;  
 Nor did I for my Sins that Day,  
 By half so much repent.

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## S O N G   X I X .

**L** O V E, thou art the best of human Joys,  
 Our chiefest Happiness below;  
 All other Pleasures are but Toys,  
 Musick without thee is but Noise,  
 Beauty but an empty Show.

Heaven, that knew best what Man cou'd move,  
 And raise his Thought above the Brute,  
 Said, let him be, and let him love,  
 That only must his Soul improve,  
 Howe'er Philosophers dispute.

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## S O N G   X X .

**D** E S P A I R I N G beside a clear Stream,  
 A Shepherd forsaken was laid;  
 And while a false Nymph was his Theme,  
 A Willow supported his Head.

The Wind that blew over the Plain,  
 To his Sighs with a Sigh did reply;  
 And the Brook in Return to his Pain,  
 Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! silly Swain that I was;  
 (Thus sadly complaining he cry'd)  
 When first I beheld that fair Face,  
 'Twere better by far I had dy'd:  
 She talk'd, and I blest her dear Tongue,  
 When she smil'd, it was Pleasure too great;  
 I listen'd, and cry'd when she sung,  
 Was Nightingale ever so sweet?

How foolish was I to believe  
 She could doat on so lowly a Clown,  
 Or that her fond Heart would not grieve,  
 To forsake the fine Folk of the Town?  
 To think that a Beauty so gay,  
 So kind and so constant would prove;  
 Or go clad like our Maidens in grey,  
 Or live in a Cottage on Love?

What tho' I have Skill to complain,  
 Tho' the Muses my Temples have crown'd;  
 What tho' when they hear my soft Strains,  
 The Virgins sit weeping around?  
 Ah *Colin*! thy Hopes are in vain,  
 Thy Pipe and thy Laurel resign,  
 Thy Fair one inclines to a Swain,  
 Whose Musick is sweeter than thine.

All you my Companions so dear,  
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd,  
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,  
 Forbear to accuse the false Maid,

The

'Tho' thro' the wide World I should range,

'Tis in vain from my Fortune to fly;

'Twas hers to be false and to change,

'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard Fate I sustain,

In her Breast any Pity is found,

Let her come with the Nymphs of the Plain,

And see me laid low in the Ground:

The last humble Boon that I crave,

Is to shade me with Cypress and Yew;

And when she looks down on my Grave,

Let her own that her Shepherd was true.

Then to her new Love let her go,

And deck her in golden Array:

Be finest at every fine Show,

And frolick it all the long Day;

While *Colin* forgotten and gone,

No more shall be talk'd of or seen,

Unless when beneath the pale Moon,

His Ghost shall glide over the Green.

## S O N G XXI.

**T**WAS when the Seas were roaring,

With hollow Blasts of Wind,

A Damsel lay deploring,

All on a Rock reclin'd.

Wide o'er the roaring Billows,

She cast a wishful Look;

Her Head was crown'd with Willows,

That trembled o'er the Brook.



Twelve Months are gone and over,  
 And nine long tedious Days;  
 Why didst thou ventrous Lover,  
 Why didst thou trust the Seas?  
 Cease, cease then, cruel Ocean,  
 And let my Lover rest:  
 Ah! what's thy troubled Motion,  
 To that within my Breast?

The Merchant robb'd of Treasure,  
 Views Tempests in despair;  
 But what's the Loss of Treasure,  
 To losing of my Dear!  
 Shou'd you some Coast be laid on,  
 Where Gold and Diamonds grow,  
 You'd find a richer Maiden,  
 But none that loves you so.

How can they say that Nature  
 Has nothing made in vain;  
 Why then beneath the Water  
 Do hideous Rocks remain?  
 No Eye these Rocks discover,  
 That lurk beneath the Deep,  
 To wreck the wandering Lover,  
 And leave the Maid to weep.

All melancholly lying,  
 Thus wail'd she for her Dear,  
 Repay'd each Blast with sighing,  
 Each Billow with a Tear:  
 When o'er the white Waves stooping,  
 His floating Corps she spy'd;  
 Then like a Lilly drooping,  
 She bow'd her Head, and dy'd.

## SONG XXII

**R**emember, *Damon*, you did tell,  
 In Chastity you lov'd me well;  
 But now, alas! I am undone,  
 And here am left to make my Moan;  
 To doleful Shades I will remove,  
 Since I'm despis'd by him I love,  
 Where poor forsaken Nymphs are seen,  
 In lonely Walks of Willow-green.

Upon my Dear's deluding Tongue,  
 Such soft persuasive Language hung,  
 That when his Words had Silence broke,  
 You wou'd have thought an Angel spoke,  
 Too happy Nymph, whoe'er she be,  
 That now enjoys my charming he;  
 For oh! I fear it to my Cost,  
 She's found the Heart that I have lost.

Beneath the fairest Flower on Earth,  
 A Snake may hide, or take its Birth;  
 So his false Breast, conceal it did  
 His Heart, the Snake that there lay hid.  
 'Tis false to say, we happy are,  
 Since Men delight thus to ensnare;  
 In Man no Woman can be blest,  
 Their Vows are Wind, their Love a Jest.

Ye Gods, in Pity to my Grief,  
 Send me my *Damon*, or Relief;  
 Return the wild delicious Boy,  
 Whom once I thought my Spring of Joy:

But

But whilst I'm begging of this Bliss,  
 Methinks I hear you answer thus;  
*When Damon has enjoy'd, he flies;*  
*Who sees him, loves; who loves him, dies.*

There's not a Bird that haunts the Grove,  
 But is a Witness of my Love:  
 Now all the Bleeters on the Plain  
 Seem Sympathizers in my Pain:  
 Ecchoes repeat my plaintive Moans;  
 The Waters imitate my Groans;  
 The Trees their bending Boughs recline,  
 And droop their Heads as I do mine.

---

## S O N G    XXIII.

**O**N a Bank beside a Willow,  
 Heaven her Covering, Earth her Pillow,  
 Sad *Amynta* sigh'd alone:  
 From the chearless Dawn of Morning,  
 Till the Dews of Night returning,  
 Singing, thus she made her Moan;  
     Hope is banish'd,  
     Joys are vanish'd,  
*Damon* my Belov'd is gone.

Time, I dare thee to discover  
 Such a Youth and such a Lover:  
 Oh, so true so kind was he!  
*Damon* was the Pride of Nature,  
 Charming in his every Feature;  
*Damon* liv'd alone for me:  
     Melting Kisses,  
     Murm'ring Blissess,  
 Who so liv'd and lov'd as we?

Never

Never shall we curse the Morning,  
 Never bless the Night returning,  
 Sweet Embraces to restore;  
 Never shall we both lie dying,  
 Nature failing, Love supplying  
 All the Joys he drain'd before:  
 To befriend me,  
 Death, come, end me,  
 Love and *Damon* are no more.

---

## S O N G XXIV.

**A**LEXIS shunn'd his Fellow-Swains,  
 Their rural Sports and jocund Strains,  
 (Heaven guard us all from *Cupid's* Bow;)  
 He lost his Crook, he left his Flocks,  
 And wand'ring thro' the lonely Rocks,  
 He nourish'd endless Woe.

The Nymphs and Shepherds round him came,  
 His Grief some pity, others blame;  
 The fatal Cause all kindly seek:  
 He mingled his Concern with theirs,  
 He gave them back their friendly Tears,  
 He sigh'd; but could not speak.

*Clorinda* came among the rest,  
 And she too, kind Concern express,  
 And ask'd the Reason of his Woe:  
 She ask'd; but with an Air and Mien,  
 As made it easily foreseen,  
 She fear'd too much to know.

The Shepherd rais'd his mournful Head;  
And will you pardon me, he said.

While I the cruel Truth reveal;  
Which nothing from my Breast should tear,  
Which never should offend your Ear,  
But that you bid me tell.

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,  
Since you appear'd upon the Plain;

You are the Cause of all my Care:  
Your Eyes ten thousand Dangers dart;  
Ten thousand Torments vex my Heart;  
I love, and I despair.

Too much, *Alexis*, I have heard,  
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd;

And yet I pardon you, she cry'd:  
But you shall promise, ne'er again  
To breathe your Vows, or speak your Pain.  
He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

## SONG XXV.

**W**HY so pale and wan, fond Lover?  
Prithee, why so pale?  
Will, when looking well can't move her,  
Looking ill prevail?  
Prithee, why so pale?

Why



Why so dull and mute, young Sinner?

Prithee, why so mute?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,

Saying nothing do't?

Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for Shame, this will not move,

This cannot take her;

If of herself she will not love,

Nothing can make her:

The Devil take her.

## SONG XXVI.

**M**Y Friend and I,

We drank whole Pifs-pots

Full of Sack up to the Brim:

I drank to my Friend,

And he drank his Pot,

So we put about the Whim:

Three Bottles and a Quart

We swallow'd down our Throat,

(But hang such puny Sips as these;)

We laid us all along,

With our Mouths unto the Bung,

And tip'd whole Hogheads off with Ease.

I heard of a Fop

That drank whole Tankards,

Stil'd himself the Prince of Sots:

But I say now, Hang

Such silly Drunkards,

Melt their Flagons, break their Pots,

My Friend and I did join

For a Cellar full of Wine,

And

And we drank the Vintner out of Door  
 We drank it all up  
 In a Morning, at a Sup,  
 And greedily rov'd about for more.

My Friend to me  
 Did make this Motion,  
 Let us to the Vintage skip:  
 Then we imbarc'd  
 Upon the Ocean,  
 Where we found a *Spanish Ship*,  
 Deep laden with Wine,  
 Which was superfine,

The Sailors swore five hundred Tun;  
 We drank it all at Sea,  
 E'er we came unto the Key,  
 And the Merchant swore he was quite undone.

My Friend, not having  
 Quench'd his Thirst,  
 Said, Let's to the Vineyards haste:  
 Straight then we sail'd  
 To the *Canaries*,  
 Which afforded just a Taste;  
 From thence unto the *Rhine*,  
 Where we drank up all the Wine,  
 Till *Bacchus* cry'd, Hold ye Sots, or you die,  
 And swore he never found  
 In his universal Round,  
 Such thirsty Souls as my Friend and I,

Out fie! crys one,  
 What a Beast he makes him,  
 He can neither stand nor go:  
 Out you Beast, you,  
 You're much mistaken,  
 When e'er knew you a Beast drink so?

'Tis when we drink the least,  
 That we drink most like a Beast;  
 But when we carouse it fix in Hand;  
 'Tis then, and only then,  
 That we drink the most like Men,  
 When we drink till we can neither go nor stand.

---

## S O N G XXVII.

**L**ET Soldiers fight for Prey or Praise,  
 And Money be the Miser's Wish;  
 Poor Scholars study all their Days,  
 And Gluttons glory in their Dish:  
*'Tis Wine, pure Wine revives sad Souls;*  
*Therefore fill us the chearing Bowls.*

Let Minions marshal every Hair,  
 And in a Lover's Lock delight,  
 And artificial Colours wear;  
 Pure Wine is native red and white:  
*'Tis Wine, &c.*

The backward Spirit it makes brave,  
 That lively which before was dull;  
 Opens the Heart that loves to save,  
 And Kindness flows from Cups brim-full;  
*'Tis Wine, &c.*

Some Men want Youth, and others Health,  
 Some want a Wife, and some a Punk,  
 Some Men want Wit, and others Wealth;  
 But they want nothing that are drunk:  
*'Tis Wine, pure Wine revives sad Souls;*  
*Therefore give us the chearing Bowls.*

S O N G

## S O N G XXVIII.

**F** Arewell, my bonny, bonny, witty, pretty *Maggy*,  
 And a' the rosic Lasses milking on the Down;  
 Adieu the flow'ry Meadows, aft sae dear to *Focky*,  
 The Sports and merry Glee of *Edinborow* Town:  
 Since *French* and *Spanish* Louns stand at Bay,  
 And valiant Lads of *Britain* hold 'em Play,  
 My Reap-hook I maun cast quite away,  
 And fight too like a Man,  
 Among 'em, for our Royal Queen *Anne*.

Each Carle of *Irish* Mettle battles like a Dragon;  
 The *Germans* waddle, and straddle to the Drum;  
 The *Italian* and the Butter Bowzy *Hogan Mogan*:  
 Good-faith then, *Scottish Focky* maunaly at hame:  
 For since they are ganging to hunt Renown,  
 And swear they'll quickly ding auld *Monsieur* down,  
 I'll follow for a pluck at his Crown,  
 To shew that *Scotland* can  
 Excel 'em for our Royal Queen *Anne*.

Then welcome from *Vigo*,  
 And cudgelling *Don Diego*,  
 With strutting Rascallions,  
 And plundering the Galleons:  
 Each brisk valiant Fellow  
 Fought at *Rondondellow*,  
 And those who did meet  
 With the *Newfoundland* Fleet;  
 When, for late Successes,  
 Which *Europe* confesses,  
 At Land by our gallant Commanders;  
 The *Dutch* in strong Beer,  
 Shou'd be drunk for a Year,  
 With their General's Health in *Flanders*.

S O N G

## SONG XXIX.

**T**HE Ordnance a-board,  
 Such Joys does afford,  
 As no Mortal, no Mortal, no Mortal,  
 No Mortal e'er more can desire:  
 Each Member repairs,  
 From the Tower to the Stairs,  
 And by Water *Whush*, and by Water *Whush*,  
 By Water they all go to Fire.

Of each Piece that's a-shore,  
 They search from the Bore;  
 And to proving, to proving, to proving,  
 To proving they go in fair Weather:  
 Their Glasses are large,  
 And whene'er they discharge,  
 There's a *Boo* huzza, a *Boo* huzza, a *Boo* huzza,  
 Guns and Bumpers go off together.

Old *Vulcan* for *Mars*,  
 Fitted Tools for his Wars,  
 To enable him, enable him, enable him,  
 Enable him to conquer the faster:  
 But *Mars*, had he been  
 Upon our *Woolwich* Green,  
 To have heard *Boo* huzza, *Boo* huzza, *Boo* huzza,  
 He'd have own'd great *Marlborough* his Master.



## SONG XXX.

**L**EAVE off your foolish Prating,  
 Talk no more of *Whig* and *Tory*,  
 But drink your Glass,  
 Round let it pass,  
 The Bottle stands before ye;  
 Fill it up to the Top,  
 Let the Night with Mirth be crown'd,  
 Drink about, see it out,  
 Love and Friendship still go round.

If Claret be a Blessing,  
 This Night devote to Pleasure;  
 Let worldly Cares,  
 And State Affairs,  
 Be thought on at more Leisure:  
 Fill it up to the Top,  
 Let the Night with Joy be crown'd,  
 Drink about, see it out,  
 Love and Friendship still go round.

If any is so zealous,  
 To be a Party-minion,  
 Let him drink like me,  
 We'll soon agree,  
 And be of one Opinion:  
 Fill your Glass, name your Lass,  
 See her Health go sweetly round,  
 Drink about, see it out,  
 Let the Night with Joy be crown'd.

## S O N G XXXI.

**W**E'll drink, and we'll never have done, Boys,  
 Put the Glass then around with the Sun, Boys,  
 Let *Apollo's* Example invite us,  
 For he's drunk every Night,  
 That makes him so bright,  
 That he's able next Morning to light us.

Drinking's a Christian Diversion,  
 Unknown to *Turk* and the *Persian*:

Let *Mahometan* Fools  
 Live by Heathenish Rules,  
 And dream o'er their Tea-pots and Coffee;  
 While the brave *Britons* sing,  
 And drink Healths to their King,  
 And a Fig for their *Sultan* and *Sophy*.

---

## S O N G XXXII.

**W**HILE the Lover is thinking,  
 With my Friend I'll be drinking,  
 And with Vigour pursue my Delight;  
 While the Fool is designing  
 His fatal Confining,  
 With *Bacchus* I'll spend the whole Night.

With the God I'll be jolly,  
 Without Madness and Folly,  
 Fickle Woman to marry implore;  
 Leave my Bottle and Friend,  
 For so foolish an End!  
 When I do, may I never drink more.

## S O N G XXXIII.

**C**ELIA, let not Pride undo you,  
 Love and Life fly swiftly on;  
 Let not *Damon* still pursue you,  
 Still in vain, till Love is gone:  
 See how fair the blooming Rose is,  
 See by all how justly priz'd;  
 But when it its Beauty loses,  
 See the wither'd Thing despis'd.

When these Charms that Youth have lent you,  
 Like the Roses are decay'd,  
*Celia*, you'll too late repent you,  
 And be forc'd to die a Maid!  
 Die a Maid! die a Maid! die a Maid!  
*Celia* you'll too late repent you,  
 And be forc'd to die a Maid!

## S O N G XXXIV.

**I**LL range around the shady Bowers,  
 And gather all the sweetest Flowers;  
 I'll strip the Garden and the Grove,  
 To make a Garland for my Love.

When in the sultry Heat of Day,  
 My thirsty Nymph does panting lie,  
 I'll hasten to the Fountain's Brink,  
 And drain the Stream that she may drink.

At Night, when she shall weary prove,  
 A grassy Bed I'll make my Love,  
 And with green Boughs I'll form a Shade,  
 That nothing may her Rest invade.

And

And whilst dissolv'd in Sleep she lies,  
 My self shall never close these Eyes;  
 But gazing still with fond Delight,  
 I'll watch my Charmer all the Night.

And then, as soon as chearfull Day  
 Dispels the gloomy Shades away,  
 Forth to the Forest I'll repair,  
 And find Provision for my Fair.

Thus will I spend the Day and Night,  
 Still mixing Pleasure with Delight;  
 Regarding nothing I endure,  
 So I can Ease for her procure.

But if the Maid whom thus I love,  
 Shou'd e'er unkind and faithless prove,  
 I'll seek some dismal distant Shore,  
 And never think of Woman more.

---

### SONG XXXV.

**T**H O' cruel you seem to my Pain,  
 And hate me because I am true;  
 Yet, *Phillis*, you love a false Swain,  
 Who has other Nymphs in his View:  
 Enjoyment's a Trifle to him,  
 To me what a Heaven it would be;  
 To him but a Woman you seem,  
 But ah! you're an Angel to me.

Those Lips which he touches in haste,  
 To them I for ever could grow,  
 Still clinging around that dear Waist,  
 Which he spans as beside him you go;

That Arm, like a Lilly so white,  
Which over his Shoulders you lay,  
My Bosom could warm it all Night,  
My Lips they would press it all Day.

Were I like a Monarch to reign,  
Were Graces my Subjects to be,  
I'd leave them, and fly to the Plain,  
To dwell in a Cottage with thee:  
But if I must feel thy Disdain,  
If Tears cannot Cruelty drown,  
O! let me not live in this Pain,  
But give me my Death in a Frown.

---

## S O N G   XXXVI.

**F**ROM rosy Bowers, where sleeps the God of  
Love,

Hither, ye little waiting *Cupids*, fly;  
Teach me, in soft melodious Song, to move  
With tender Passion my Heart's darling Joy:  
Ah! let the Soul of Musick tune my Voice,  
To win dear *Strephon*, who my Soul enjoys.

Or if more influencing  
Is, to be brisk and airy,  
With a Step and a Bound,  
And a Frisk from the Ground,  
I'll trip like any Fairy:  
As once on *Ida* dancing,  
Were three celestial Bodies,  
With an Air and a Face,  
And a Shape and a Grace,  
Let me charm like Beauty's Goddesses.

Ah!



Ah! ah! 'tis in vain, 'tis all in vain,  
 Death and Despair must end the fatal Pain;  
 Cold Despair, disguis'd like Snow and Rain,  
 Falls on my Breast; black Winds in Tempests blow:  
 My Veins all shiver, and my Fingers glow;  
 My Pulse beats a dead March for lost Repose,  
 And to a solid Lump of Ice my poor fond Heart is  
 froze.

Or say, ye Powers, my Peace to crown,  
 Shall I thaw my self, or drown  
 Amongst the foaming Billows,  
 Increasing all with Tears I shed;  
 On Beds of Ooze and crystal Pillows  
 Lay down my Love-sick Head?

No, no, I'll straight run mad,  
 That soon my Heart will warm;  
 When once the Sense is fled,  
 Love has no Power to charm:  
 Wild thro' the Woods I'll fly,  
 My Robes and Locks shall thus be tore;  
 A thousand thousand Deaths I'll die,  
 E'er thus in vain! e'er thus in vain adore.

---

## S O N G XXXVII.

**O**H! lead me to some peaceful Gloom,  
 Where none but sighing Lovers come,  
 Where the shrill Trumpets never sound,  
 But one eternal Hush goes round.

There let me sooth my pleasing Pain,  
 And never think of War again;  
 What Glory can a Lover have  
 To conquer, yet be still a Slave?

---

### SONG XXXVIII.

**O**H! lead me to some peaceful Room,  
 Where none but honest Fellows come,  
 Where Wives loud Clappers never sound,  
 But an eternal Laugh goes round.

There let me drown in Wine my Pain,  
 And never think of Home again:  
 What Comfort can a Husband have,  
 To rule the House where he's a Slave?

---

### SONG XXXIX.

**P**IOUS *Selinda* goes to Prayers,  
 If I but ask the Favour;  
 And yet the tender Fool's in Tears,  
 When she believes I'll leave her.

Would I were free from this Restraint,  
 Or else had Hopes to win her;  
 Would she cou'd make of me a Saint,  
 Or I of her a Sinner.

## SONG XL.

**S**EE, see the wakes, *Sabina* wakes,  
 And now the Sun begins to rise;  
 Less glorious is the Morn that breaks  
 From his bright Beams, than her fair Eyes.

With Light united, Day they give;  
 But different Fates e'er Night fulfil:  
 How many by his Warmth will live!  
 How many will her Coldness kill!

---

## SONG XLI.

**Y**OUNG *Corydon* and *Phillis*  
 Sat in a lovely Grove,  
 Contriving Crowns of Lillies,  
 Repeating Tales of Love,  
*And something else; but what, I dare not name.*

But as they were a playing,  
 She ogled so the Swain,  
 It sav'd her plainly saying,  
 Let's kiss to ease our Pain, &c.

---

A thousand times he kiss'd her,  
 Upon the flow'ry Green;  
 But as he further prest her,  
 A pretty Leg was seen, &c.

---

So many Beauties viewing,  
 His Ardour still increas'd;  
 And, greater Joys pursuing,  
 He wander'd o'er her Breast, &c.

A last Effort she trying,  
 His Passion to withstand,  
 Cry'd, (but 'twas faintly crying)  
 Pray take away your Hand, &c.

Young *Corydon* grown bolder,  
 The Minutes wou'd improve;  
 This is the Time, he told her,  
 To shew how much I love, &c.

The Nymph seem'd almost dying,  
 Dissolv'd in am'rous Heat;  
 She kiss'd, and told him sighing,  
 My Dear, your Love is great, &c.

But *Phillis* did recover,  
 Much sooner than the Swain;  
 She blushing, ask'd her Lover,  
 Shall we not kiss again? &c.

Thus Love his Revels keeping,  
 Till Nature at a stand,  
 From Talk they fell to sleeping,  
 Holding each other's Hand, &c.

## S O N G XLII.

SEE, see, my *Seraphina* comes,  
 Adorn'd with every Grace;  
 Look, Gods, from your celestial Dome,  
 And view her charming Face.

Then

Then search, and see if you can find,  
 In all your sacred Groves,  
 A Nymph or Goddess so divine,  
 As she whom *Stephan* loves.

---

## SONG XLIII.

S H E.

**P**RAY now, *John*, let *Jug* prevail,  
 Doff thy Sword, and take a Flail;  
 Wounds and Blows, and scorching Heat,  
 Will abroad be all you'll get.

H E.

'Oons! you are mad, ye simple Jade,  
 Be gone, and don't prate.

S H E.

How think ye I shall do,  
 With *Hob* and *Sue*,  
 And all our Brats when wanting you?

H E.

When I am rich with Plunder,  
 Thou my Gain shall share.

S H E.

My Share will be but small, I fear,  
 When bold Dragoons have been pickering there;  
 And the Flea-flints the *Germans* strip 'em bare.

H E.

Mind your spinning,  
 Mend your Linnen,  
 Look to your Cheese you,  
 Your Pigs and your Geese too.

S H E.

No, no, I'll ramble out with you.

H E.



H E.

Blood and Fire, if you tire  
Thus my Patience,  
With Vexations and Narrations,  
Thumping, thumping, thumping  
Is the fatal Word, *Joan*.

S H E.

Do, do, I'm good at thumping too.

H E.

Morbleau! that Huff shall never do.

S H E.

Come, come, *John*, let's buss and be Friends,  
Thus still, thus Love's Quarrel ends;  
I my Tongue sometimes let run,  
But alas! I soon have done.

H E.

'Tis well you're quash'd,  
You'd else been thrash'd;  
Sure as my Name is *John*.

S H E.

Yet fain I'd know for what  
You're all so hot,  
To go to fight where nothing's got.

H E.

Fortune will prove kind,  
And we shall then grow great.

S H E.

Grow great!  
And want both Drink and Meat,  
And Coin, unless the pamper'd *French* you beat:  
Ah *John*! take care *John*!

And learn more Wit.

H E.

Dare you prate still,  
At this Rate still,  
And like a Vermin,  
Grudge me Preferment.

S H E.

S H E.

You'll beg, or get a Wooden Leg.

H E.

Nay, if bawling, catterwawling,

Tittle tattle, prittle prattle,

Still must rattle;

I'll be gone, and straight aboard.

S H E.

Do, do, and so shall *Hob* and *Sue*,  
*Jug* too, and all the ragged Crew.

## SONG XLIV.

H E.

**S**INCE Times are so bad, I must tell thee, Sweet-  
 heart,

I'm thinking to leave off my Plough and my Cart,  
 And to the fair City a Journey I'll go;

To better my Fortune, as other Folks do:

Since some have from Ditches,

And coarse Leather Breeches,

Been rais'd to be Rulers,

And wallow'd in Riches,

Pray thee, come, come, come, come from thy Wheel;

For if the Gipsies don't lye,

I shall be a Governor too e'er I die.

S H E.

Ah *Colin*! by all thy late Doings I find,

With Sorrow and Trouble, the Pride of thy Mind;

Our Sheep now at random disorderly run,

And now *Sunday's* Jacket goes every Day on;

Ah! what do'st thou, what do'st thou, what do'st  
 thou mean!

H E.

H E.

To make my Shoes clean,  
And foot it to Court to the King and the Queen,  
Where, shewing my Parts, I Preferment shall win.

S H E.

Fie! 'tis better for us to plough and to spin;  
For, as to the Court, when thou happen'st to try,  
Thou'lt find nothing got there, unless thou can'st buy;  
For Money, the Devil and all's to be found,  
But no good Parts minded without the good Pound.

H E.

Why, then I'll take Arms, and follow Alarms,  
Hunt Honour, that now-a-days plaugily charms.

S H E.

And so lose a Limb by a Shot or a Blow,  
And curse thy self after for leaving the Plough,

H E.

Suppose I turn Gamester?

S H E.

So cheat and be bang'd.

H E.

What think'st of the Road then?

S H E.

The high Way to be hang'd.

H E.

Nice Pimping howe'er yields Profit for Life;  
I'll help some fine Lord to another's fine Wife.

S H E.

That's dangerous too amongst the Town-Crew;  
For some of them will do the same Thing by you;  
And then I to cuckold ye may be drawn in;  
Faith Colin, 'tis better I sit here and spin.

H E.

Will nothing prefer me, what think'st of the Law?

S H E.

Oh! while you live Colin, keep out of that Paw.

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H E.

I'll cant and I'll pray.

S H E.

Ah! there's nought got that Way;  
There's no one minds now what those black Cattle  
say :

Let all our whole Care be our farming Affair ;

H E.

To make our Corn grow, and our Apple-Trees bear,

B O T H.

Ambition's a Trade no Contentment can show.

S H E.

So I'll to my Distaff.

H E.

And I'll to my Plough;

B O T H A G A I N.

Let all our whole Care, &c.

---

## S O N G X L V.

H E.

**W**HERE Oxen do low,  
And Apple-Trees grow ;  
Where Corn is sown,  
And Grass is mown ;  
Fate give me for Life a Place.

S H E.

Where Hay is well cock'd,  
And Udders are stroak'd ;  
Where Duck and Drake  
Cry, quack, quack, quack ;  
Where Turkey lay Eggs,  
And Swine suckle Pigs ;  
Oht, there I would pass my Days.

H E.

H E.

On nought we will feed,  
But what we can breed:

S H E.

And wear on our Backs  
The Wool of our Flocks;  
And tho' Linnen feel  
Rough, spun from the Wheel,  
'Tis cleanly tho' coarse it comes.

H E.

Town Follys and Cullys,  
And Mollys and Dollys,  
For ever adieu, and for ever;

S H E.

And Beaux, that in Boxes  
Lye smugg'ling their Doxies,  
With Wigs that hang down to their Bums.

H E.

Good b'ye to the Mall  
The Park and Canal,  
St. James's Square,  
And Flaunters there,  
The Gaming House too,  
Where high Dice and low  
Are manag'd by all Degrees.

S H E.

Adieu to the Knight  
Was bubbled last Night,  
That keeps a Blowze,  
And beats his Spouse,  
And then in great Haste,  
To pay what he's lost,  
Sends home to cut down his Trees.

H E.

And well fare the Lad  
Improves ev'ry Clod,



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Who ne'er sets his Hand  
To Bill or to Bond:

S H E.

Nor barter his Flocks,  
For Wine or the Pox,  
To chouse him of half his Days.

H E.

But fishing and fowling,  
And hunting and bowling,  
His Pastime is ever and ever:

S H E.

Whose Lips, when ye bufs 'em,  
Smell like the Bean Blossom;  
Oh! he it's shall have my Praise.

H E.

To Taverns, where goes  
Sour Apples and Sloes,  
A long Adieu!  
And farewell too  
The House of the Great,  
Whose Cook has no Mear,  
And Butler can't quench my Thirst.

S H E.

Farewell to the Change,  
Where Rantipoles range;  
Farewell cold Tea,  
And Ratafee,  
Hide-Park, where Pride  
In Coaches ride,  
Altho' they be choak'd with Dust.

H E.

Farewell the Law-Gown,  
The Plague of the Town,  
And Foes of the Crown,  
That shou'd be run down:

S H E.

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S H E.

With Ciry Jack-daws,  
That make staple Laws,  
To measure by Yards and Ells.

H E.

Stock-jobbers and Swobbers,  
And Packers and Tackers,  
For ever adieu, and for ever:  
We know what you're doing;  
And home we are going;  
And so you may ring your Bells.

---

## S O N G XLVI.

H E.

**O**F all Comforts I miscarry'd,  
When I play'd the Sot and marry'd;  
'Tis a Trap there's none need doubt on't,  
Those that are in, would fain get out on't.

S H E.

Fie! my Dear, pray come to Bed,  
That Napkin take, and bind your Head,  
Too much Drink your Brains has dos'd,  
You'll be quite alter'd when repos'd.

H E.

'Oons! 'tis all one if I'm up or lie down,  
For as soon as the Cock crows I'll be gone.

S H E.

'Tis to grieve me, thus you leave me,  
Was I, was I made a Wife to lie alone?

H E.

From your Arms myself divorcing,  
I this Morn must ride a courting,  
A Sport that far excels a Madam,  
Or all the Wives have been since Adam.

S H E.

S H E.

I, when thus I've lost my due,  
Must hug my Pillow wanting you;  
And whilst you tope it all the Day,  
Regale in Cups of harmless Tea.

H E.

Pox, what care I? drink your Slops till you die;  
Yonder's Brandy will keep me a Month from home.

S H E.

If thus parted, I'm broken hearted;  
When I, when I send for you, my Dear, pray come.

H E.

E'er I'll be from rambling hindred,  
I'll renounce my Spouse and Kindred;  
To be sober I've no Leisure,  
What's a Man without his Pleasure?

S H E.

To my Grief then I must see,  
Strong Wine and Nantz my Rivals be;  
Whilst you carouse it with your Blades,  
Poor I sit stitching with my Maids.

H E.

Oons! you may go to your Gossips, you know,  
And there, if you meet with a Friend, pray do.

S H E.

Go, ye Joker, go, Provoker,  
Never, never shall I meet a Man like you.

## S O N G XLVII.

**P**RETTY Parrot, say, when I was away,  
And in dull Absence past the Day,  
What at home was doing?

Wish

*With Chat and Play  
We were gay,  
Night and Day,  
Good Chear and Mirth renewing;  
Singing laughing all, like pretty pretty Poll.*

*Was no Fop so rude, boldly to intrude,  
And like a saucy Lover wou'd  
Court and teaze my Lady?  
A Thing you know,  
Made for show,  
Call'd a Beau,  
Near her was always ready,  
Ever at her Call, like pretty pretty Poll.*

*Tell me with what Air, he approach'd the Fair,  
And how she could with Patience bear,  
All he did and utter'd?  
He still address'd,  
Still caress'd,  
Kiss'd and press'd,  
Sung, prattl'd, laugh'd and flutter'd :-  
Well receiv'd in all, like pretty pretty Poll.*

*Did he go away, at the Close of Day,  
Or did he ever use to stay,  
In a Corner dodging?  
The Want of Light,  
When 'twas Night,  
Spoil'd my Sight;  
But I believe his Lodging  
Was within her Call, like pretty pretty Poll.*

SONG XLVIII.

Sung by Pinkanello, Merry Andrew to Leverigo the  
Mountebank Doctor.

**H**ERE are People and Sports,  
Of all Sizes and Sorts,  
Coach'd *Damsel* and *Squire*,  
And *Mob* in the Mire,  
*Tarpaulins*, *Trugmallions*,  
Lords, Ladies, Sows Babies,  
And *Loobies* in Scores;  
Some hawling, some bawling,  
Some leering, some fleering,  
Some loving, some shoving,  
With Legions of furbelow'd *Whores*:

To the Tavern some go,  
And some to a Show,  
See Poppets for Moppers,  
Jack Puddens for Cuddens,  
Rope-dancing, Mares prancing,  
Boats flying, *Quacks* lying,  
Pick Pockets, Pick Plackets,  
Beasts, *Butchers* and *Beaux*;  
*Fops* prattling, Dice rattling,  
*Rooks* shamming, *Putts* damning,  
*Whores* painted, *Masks* tainted  
In Tally-man's furbelow'd Cloaths.

The Mob's Joys wou'd ye know,  
To yon Musick-House go,  
See *Taylor*s and *Sailor*s,  
Whores oily and Doily,  
Hear Musick makes you sick;  
Some skipping, some tripping,  
Some smoaking, some joaking,

Like



Like Spiggit and Tap;  
 Short Measure, strange Pleasure,  
 Thus billing and swilling,  
 Some yearly get fairly  
 For Fairings, Pig, Pork, and a Clap.

*The Second Part.*

**S**EE, Sirs, see here! a *Doctor* rare,  
 Who travels much at home!  
 Here take my Pills, they cure all Ills,  
 Past, present, and to come;  
 The Cramp, the Stitch, the Squirt, the Itch,  
 The Gout, the Stone, the Pox,  
 The Mulligrubs, the wanton Scrubs,  
 And all *Pandora's* Box:

Thousands I've dissected,  
 Thousands new erected,  
 And such Cures effected,

As none e'er can tell;

Let the Palsy shake ye,  
 Let the Cholick rake ye,  
 Let the Crinkums break ye,  
 Let the Murrain take ye,

Take this, take this, and you are well:

*Thousands, &c.*

Come *Wits* so keen, devour'd with Spleen,  
 And Beaux who've sprain'd your Backs,  
 Great-belly'd Maids, old founder'd Jades,  
 And pepper'd Vizard Cracks;  
 I soon remove the Pains of Love,  
 And cure the amorous Maid,  
 The hot, the cold, the young, the old,  
 The Living and the Dead;  
 I clear the Lais with Wainscot-face,  
 And from Pim-gennets free  
 Plump Ladies red like *Saracen's* Head  
 With toping Ratafec.

*This,*

This, with a Jirk, will do your Work,  
 And scour ye o'er and o'er ;  
 Read, judge, and try ; and if you die,  
 Never believe me more.

## S O N G   X L I X .

**O** H ! the charming Month of *May*,  
 When the Breezes  
       Fan the Trees, is  
 Full of Blossoms fresh and gay :  
*Oh ! the charming Month of May,*  
*Charming charming Month of May,*

Oh ! what Joy our Prospects yield,  
 When in new Livery  
 We see every  
 Bush and Meadow, Tree and Field :  
*Oh ! what Joy, &c. Charming Joys, &c.*

Oh ! how fresh the Morning Air,  
 When the Zephyrs  
       And the Heifers  
 Their odoriferous Breath compare :  
*Oh ! how fresh, &c. Charming fresh, &c.*

Oh ! how sweet at Night to dream,  
 On mossy Pillows,  
       By the Trillows  
 Of a gentle purling Stream,  
*Oh ! how sweet, &c. Charming sweet, &c.*

Oh ! how kind the Country Lass,  
 Who, her Cow bilking,  
       Leaves her Milking  
 For a Green-gown on the Grass :  
*Oh ! how kind, &c. Charming kind, &c.*

Oh !

Oh! how sweet it is to spy,  
 At the Conclusion,  
 Her deep Confusion,  
 Blushing Cheeks and down-cast Eye:  
*Oh! how sweet, &c. Charming sweet, &c.*

Oh! the charming Curds and Cream,  
 When all is over,  
 She gives her Lover,  
 Who on the Skimming-Dish carves her Name:  
*Oh! the charming Curds and Cream,  
 Charming, charming, &c.*

---

## SONG L.

**C**UPID, God of pleasing Anguish,  
 Teach th' enamour'd Swain to languish,  
 Teach him fierce Desires to know;  
 Heroes would be lost in Story,  
 Did not Love inspire their Glory,  
 Love does all that's great below.

---

## SONG LI.

**M**Y *Chloe*, why do ye slight me,  
 Since all you ask you have?  
 No more with Frowns affright me,  
 Nor use me like a Slave:  
 Good-Nature to discover,  
 Use well your faithful Lover,  
 I'll be no more a Rover,  
 But constant to my Grave.

Could

Could we but change Conditions,  
 My Grief would all be flown;  
 Were I the kind Physician,  
 And you the Patient grown:  
 All own you're wond'rous pretty,  
 Well shap'd, and also witty,  
 Enforc'd with generous Pity,  
 Then make my Case your own.

The Silver Swan, when dying,  
 Has most melodious Lays,  
 Like him, when Life is flying,  
 In Songs I'll end my Days:  
 But know, thou cruel Creature,  
 My Soul shall mount the flecter,  
 And I shall sing the sweeter,  
 By warbling forth thy Praise.

## S O N G LII.

**I**N this Grove my *Strephon* walk'd,  
 Here he lov'd, and there he talk'd;  
*Here he lov'd, &c.*

In this Place his Loss I prove,  
 A sad Remembrance of our Love:  
 Oh! sad Remembrance of our Love.

In this Grove my *Strephon* stray'd,  
 Here he smil'd, and there betray'd;  
*Here he smil'd, &c.*

Every whispering Breeze can tell,  
 How I, poor I believing, fell;  
 Ah! by too soon believing, fell.

By this Stream my *Strephon* mov'd,  
Here he sung, and there he lov'd;  
*Here he sung, &c.*

Every Stream and every Tree  
Cries out, Perfidious cruel he,  
And helpless poor forsaken she.

On this Bank my *Strephon* lean'd,  
A lovely Foe, but faithless Friend;  
*A lovely Foe, &c.*

Ye verdant Banks, each Stream and Grove,  
Once joyous Scenes, now dismal prove,  
Since *Strephon's* false to me and Love.

### SONG LIII.

**T**RANSPORTED with Pleasure,  
I gaze on my Treasure,  
And ravish my Sight;  
While she gayly smiling,  
My Anguish beguiling,  
Augments my Delight.

How blest is a Lover,  
Whose Torments are over,  
His Fears and his Pain;  
When Beauty relenting,  
Repays with consenting,  
Her Scorn and Disdain!

SONG



## S O N G L I V.

A Quire of bright Beauties  
In Spring did appear,  
To chuse a *May-Lady*

To govern the Year;  
All the Nymphs were in white,  
And the Shepherds in green,  
The Garland was given,  
And *Phillis* was Queen,  
But *Phillis* refused it,  
And sighing did say,  
I'll not wear a Garland  
While *Pan* is away.

While *Pan* and fair *Syrinx*  
Are fled from the Shore,  
The Graces are banish'd,  
And Love is no more:  
The soft God of Pleasure  
That warm'd our Desires,  
Has broken his Bow,  
And extinguish'd his Fires;  
And vows that himself  
And his Mother will mourn,  
Till *Pan* and fair *Syrinx*  
In Triumph return.

Forbear your Addresses,  
And court us no more;  
For we will perform  
What the Deity swore:  
But if you dare think  
Of deserving our Charms,  
Away with your Sheep-hooks,  
And take to your Arms:

Then Laurels and Myrtles  
 Your Brows shall adorn,  
 When *Pan* and fair *Syrinx*  
 In Triumph return.

---

## SONG LV.

**A**S charming *Clara* walk'd alone,  
 The feather'd Snow came softly down,  
 Like *Jove* descending from his Tower,  
 To court her in a silver Shower :  
 The shining Flakes flew to her Breasts,  
 As little Birds into their Nests;  
 But being outdone with Whiteness there,  
 For Grief dissolv'd into a Tear;  
 Thence flowing down her Garment's Hem,  
 To deck her, froze into a Gem.

---

## SONG LVI.

**Y**E Beaux of Pleasure,  
 Whose Wit at Leisure,  
 Can count Love's Treasure,  
 Its Joy and Smart;  
 At my Desire,  
 With me retire,  
 To know what Fire  
 Consumes my Heart.

Three Moons that hasted,  
 Are hardly wafed,  
 Since I was blasted  
 With Beauty's Ray.

*Aurora* shews ye  
 No Face so rosie,  
 No *Judy* Posie  
 So fresh and gay.

Her Skin by Nature,  
 No *Ermin* better,  
 Tho' that fine Creature  
 Is white as Snow;  
 With blooming Graces  
 Adorn'd her Face is,  
 Her flowing Traces  
 As black as Sloe.

She's tall and slender,  
 She's soft and tender;  
 Some God commend her;  
 My Wit's too low:  
 'Twere joyful Plunder,  
 To bring her under,  
 She's all a Wonder  
 From Top to Toe.

Then cease, ye Sages,  
 To quote dull Pages,  
 That in all Ages

Our Minds are free:  
 Tho' great your Skill is,  
 So strong the Will is,  
 My Love for *Phillis*  
 Must ever be.

## S O N G   L V I I .

**O** NE Evening as I lay,  
 A-musing in a Grove  
 A Nymph exceeding gay,  
 Came there to seek her Love;  
 But finding not her Swain,  
 She sat her down to grieve,  
 And thus she did complain,  
 How Men her Sex deceive.

Believing Maids, take care  
 Of false deluding Men,  
 Whose Pride is to ensnare,  
 Each Female that they can:  
 My perjur'd Swain he swore  
 A thousand Oaths to prove  
 (As many have done before)  
 How true he'd be to Love.

Then Virgins, for my sake,  
 Ne'er trust false Man again,  
 The Pleasure we partake,  
 Ne'er answers half the Pain;  
 Uncertain as the Seas,  
 Is their unconstant Mind,  
 At once they burn or freeze,  
 Still changing like the Wind.

When she had told her Tale,  
 Compassion seiz'd my Heart,  
 And *Cupid* did prevail  
 With me, to take her Part:

Then

Then bowing to the Fair,  
 I made my kind Address,  
 And vow'd to bear a Share  
 In her Unhappiness.

Surpriz'd at first she rose,  
 And strove from me to fly:  
 I told her I'd disclose  
 For Grief a Remedy.  
 Then, with a smiling Look,  
 Said she, to assuage the Storm,  
 I doubt you've undertook  
 A Task you can't perform.

Since Proof convinces best,  
 Fair Maid, believe it true,  
 That Rage is but a Jest,  
 To what Revenge can do:  
 Then serve him in his kind,  
 And fit the Fool again;  
 Such Charms were ne'er design'd,  
 For such a faithless Swain.

I courted her with Care,  
 Till her soft Soul gave way,  
 And from her Breast so fair,  
 Stole the sweet Heart away:  
 Then she with Smiles confess'd,  
 Her Mind felt no more Pain,  
 While she was thus caress'd,  
 By such a lovely Swain.



## SONG LVIII.

**D**O not ask me, charming *Phillis*,  
 Why I lead you here alone,  
 By this Bank of Pinks and Lillies,  
 And of Roses newly blown.

'Tis not to behold the Beauty,  
 Of these Flowers that crown the Spring;

'Tis to ——but I know my Duty,  
 And dare never name the Thing.

'Tis at worst but her denying,  
 Why shou'd I thus fearful be?  
 Every Minute gently flying,  
 Smiles and says, Make use of me.

What the Sun does to the Roses,  
 While the Beams play sweetly in,  
 I would, ——but my Fear opposes,  
 And I dare not name the Thing.

Yet I die if I conceal it ;  
 Ask my Eyes; or ask your own,  
 And if neither can reveal it,  
 Think what Lovers think alone.

On this Bank of Pinks and Lillies,  
 Might I speak what I would do,  
 I wou'd ——with my lovely *Phillis*,  
 I wou'd; I wou'd—Ah! wou'd you.

## SONG LIX.

**P**HILLIS the fairest of Love's Foes,  
 Tho' fiercer than a Dragon,  
*Phillis* that scorn'd the powder'd Beaux,

What has she now to brag on?

What has she now to brag on?

*What has she, &c.*

So long she kept her Limbs so close,

Till they have scarce a Rag on.

Compell'd thro' Want, the wretched Maid

Did sad Complaints begin,

Which surly *Strephon* hearing, said,

It was both Shame and Sin,

It was both Shame and Sin,

*I was both, &c.*

To pity such a lazy Jade,

Wou'd neither kiss nor spin.

## SONG LX.

**W**HEN *Chloe* we ply,

We swear we shall die,

Her Eyes do our Hearts so enthrall;

But 'tis for her Pelf,

And not for herself;

'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.

The Maidens are coy,

They'll pish! and they'll sic!

*M. S.*

*And*

And swear, if you're rude, they will call;

But whisper so low,

By which you may know,

'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.

My Dear, the Wives cry,

If ever you die,

To marry again I ne'er shall;

But leis than a Year,

Will make it appear,

'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.

In Matters of State,

And Party Debate,

For Church and for Justice we bawl;

But if you'll attend,

You'll find in the End,

'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.

## S O N G L X I.

### *The Parson among the Pease.*

**O** NE long *Whitsun* Holy-day,  
Holy-day, Holy-day, it was a jolly Day,

Young *Ralph*, buxom *Phillida*,

*Phillida*, ah welladay!

Met in the Pease;

They long had Community,

He lov'd her, she lov'd him,

Joyful Unity, nought but Opportunity

Scanting was wanting,

Their Bosoms to ease.

But

But now Fortune's Cruelty, Cruelty,  
 You will see; for as they lie  
 In close Hug, Sir *Domine*  
*Gemini Gomini*

Chanc'd to come by,  
 He read Prayers i'the Family,  
 No Way now to frame a Eye,  
 They scar'd at old *Homily*,  
*Homily, Homily*,  
 Both away fly.

Home, soon as he saw the Sight,  
 Full of Spite, as a Kite, runs the *Rechabite*,  
 Like a noisy *Hypocrite*,  
*Hypocrite, Hypocrite*,

Mischief to say;  
 Save he wou'd fair *Phillida*,  
*Phillida, Phillida* drest that Holy-day;  
 But poor *Ralph*, ah welladay!  
 Welladay! welladay!

Turn'd was away.

'Ads Nigs, cries Sir *Domine*  
*Gemini Gomini*, shall a Rogue stay,  
 To baulk me, as commonly,  
 Commonly, commonly,

Has been his Way?  
 No, I serve the Family,  
 They know nought to blame me by,  
 I read Prayers and *Homily*,  
*Homily, Homily*,

Three Times a Day.

## SONG LXII.

**H**OW happy are we,  
 Who from Thinking are free,  
 That curbing Disease of the Mind?  
 Can indulge every Taste,  
 Love where we like best,  
 Not by dull Reputation confin'd.

When we are young, fit to toy,  
 Gay Delights we enjoy,  
 And have Crouds of new Lovers still wooings;  
 When we're old and decay'd,  
 We procure for the Trade,  
 Still in every Age we are doing.

If a Cully we meet,  
 We spend what we get.  
 Every Day, for the next never think;  
 When we die, where we go  
 We have no Sense to know,  
 For a Bawd always dies in her Drink.

## SONG LXIII.

**O**NE April Morn, when from the Sea  
 Phœbus was just appearing,  
 Damon and Celia young and gay,  
 Long settled Love endearing,

Met



Met in a Grove to vent their Spleen  
 On Parents unrelenting;  
 He bred of *Tory*-Race had been,  
 She of the Tribe Dissenting.

*Celia*, whose Eyes outshone the God  
 Newly the Hills adorning,  
 Told him, *Mamma* would be stark mad,  
 She missing Prayers that Morning;  
*Damon*, his Arm about her Waist,  
 Swore, tho' nought should them funder,  
 Shou'd my rough *Dad* know how I'm blest,  
 'Twou'd make him roar like Thunder.

Great Ones made by Ambition blind,  
 By Faction still support it,  
 Or where vile Money taints the Mind,  
 They for Convenience court it:  
 But mighty Love, that scorns to shew  
 Party should raise his Glory,  
 Swears he'll exalt a Vassal true,  
 Let him be *Whig* or *Tory*.

## SONG LXIV.

**A**mongst the Willows on the Grass,  
 Where Nymphs and Shepherds lie,  
 Young *Willy* courted bonny *Bess*,  
 And *Nell* stood list'ning by;  
 Says *Will*, We will not tarry  
 Two Months before we marry.

No.

No, no, fie no, never never tell me so,

For a Maid I'll live and die:

*Says Nell, So shall not I,*

*Says Nell, &c.*

Long time betwixt Hope and Despair,

And Kisses mixt between,

He with a Song did charm her Ear,

Thinking she chang'd had been;

*Says Will, I want a Blessing,*

Substantialler than kissing.

No, no, fie no, never never tell me so,

For I will never change my Mind:

*Says Nell, She'll prove more kind,*

*Says Nell, &c.*

Smarting Pain, the Virgin finds,

Altho' by Nature taught,

When she first to Man inclines:

*Quoth Nell, I'll venture that,*

Oh! who wou'd lose a Treasure,

For such a puney Pleasure!

Not I, not I, no, a Maid I'll live and die,

And to my Vow be true.

*Quoth Nell, The more Fool you,*

*Quoth Nell, &c.*

To my Closet I'll repair,

And read on godly Books,

Forget vain Love, and worldly Care.

*Quoth Nell, That likely looks!*

You Men are all perfidious,

But I will be religious,

Try all, fly all, and while I breathe defy all,

Your Sex I now despise.

*Says Nell, by Jove, she lyes,*

*Says Nell, &c.*

## SONG LXV.

**S**ELINDA sure's the brightest Thing,  
That decks the Earth, or breathes our Air;  
Mild are her Looks like opening Spring,  
And like the blooming Summer fair,

But then her Wit's so very small,  
That all her Charms appear to lie,  
Like glaring Colours on a Wall,  
And strike no further than the Eye.

Our Eyes luxuriously she treats,  
Our Ears are absent from the Feast,  
One Sense is surfeited with Sweets,  
Starv'd or disgusted are the rest.

So have I seen with Aspect bright,  
And taudry Pride, a Tulip swell,  
Blooming and beauteous to the Sight,  
Dull and insipid to the Smell.

## SONG LXVI.

**A** Trifling Song ye shall hear,  
Begun with a Trifle and ended;  
All trifling People draw near,  
And I shall be nobly attended.

Were it not for Trifles a few,  
That lately came into Play,  
The Men would want something to do,  
The Women want something to say.

What makes Men trifle in dressing?  
Because the Ladies, they know,  
Admire, by often caressing  
That eminent Trifle, a Beau.

When the Lover his Moments has trifled,  
The Trifle of Trifles to gain,  
No sooner the Virgin is rifled,  
But a Trifle shall part them again.

What Mortal wou'd ever be able,  
At *White's* half a Moment to sit?  
Or who is't cou'd bear a Tea-table,  
Without talking Trifles for Wit?

The Court is from Trifles secure,  
Gold Keys are no Trifles, we see;  
White Rods are no Trifles, I'm sure,  
Whatever their Bearers may be.

But if you will go to the Place,  
Where Trifles abundantly breed;  
The Levee will show you his Grace  
Makes Promises Trifles indeed!

A Coach with six Footmen behind,  
I count neither Trifle nor Sin;  
But, ye Gods! how oft do we find  
A scandalous Trifle within.

A Flask of *Champaign* People think it  
 A Trifle, or something as bad ;  
 But if you'll contrive how to drink it,  
 You'll find it no Trifle, Egad.

A Parson's a Trifle at Sea,  
 A Widow's a Trifle in Sorrow ;  
 A Peace is a Trifle To-day,  
 To break it, a Trifle To-morrow.

A Black-Coat a Trifle may cloak,  
 Or to hide it, the Red may endeavour ;  
 But if once the Army is broke,  
 We shall have more Trifles than ever.

The Stage is a Trifle they say,  
 The Reason pray carry along ;  
 Because that at every new Play,  
 The House they with Trifles so throng.

But with People's Malice to trifle,  
 And to set us all on a foot ;  
 The Author of this is a Trifle,  
 And his Song is a Trifle to boot.

## S O N G LXVII.

**F**ROM grave Lessons and Restraint,  
 I'm stole out to revel here ;  
 Yet I tremble and I faint,  
 In the middle of the Fair.

Oh!



Oh! would Fortune in my way  
 Throw a Lover kind and gay;  
 Now's the Time he soon might move  
 A young Heart unus'd to Love.

Shall I venture? No, no, no,  
 Shall I from the Danger go?  
 Oh! no, no, no, no, no,  
 I must not try, I cannot fly,  
 I must not, durst not, cannot fly.

Help me, Nature; help me, Arts;  
 Why should I deny my Part?  
 If a Lover will pursue,  
 Like the wisest let me do;  
 I will fit him if he's true,  
 If he's false I'll fit him too.

## SONG LXVIII.

### *Women and Wine.*

**S**OME say Women are like Seas,  
 Some the Waves, and some the Rocks,  
 Some the Rose that soon decays,  
 Some the Weather, some the Cocks;  
 But if you'll give me leave to tell,  
 There's nothing can be compar'd so well,  
 As Wine, Wine, Women and Wine,  
 They run in a Parallel.

Women

Women are Witches when they will,  
 So is Wine, so is Wine,  
 They make the Statesman lose his Skill,  
 The Soldier, Lawyer, and Divine;  
 They put a Gigg in the gravest Skull,  
 And send their Wits to gather Wool;  
 'Tis Wine, Wine, Women, and Wine,  
 They run in a Parallel.

What is 't that makes your Face so pale,  
 What is 't that makes your Looks divine,  
 What makes your Courage rise and fall,  
 Is it not Women, is it not Wine?  
 Whence proceed th' inflaming Doses,  
 That set fire to your Noses?  
 From Wine, Wine, Women and Wine,  
 They run in a Parallel.

## S O N G   L X I X .

**W** O U D you chuse a Wife,  
 For a happy Life,  
 Leave the Court, and the Country take,  
 Where *Dolly* and *Sue*,  
 Young *Molly* and *Prue*,  
 Follow *Roger* and *John*,  
 Whilst Harvest goes on,  
 And merrily merrily rake.

Leave the *London Dames*  
 (Be it spoke to their shames)

To lie in their Beds till Noon;  
 Then get up and stretch,  
 And paint too and patch,  
 Some Widgeon to catch,  
 Then look on their Watch,  
 And wonder they rose up so soon.

Then Coffee and Tea,  
 Both Green and Bohea,  
 Are serv'd to their Tables in Plate,  
 Where Tartles do run,  
 As swift as the Sun,  
 Of what they have won,  
 And who is undone  
 By their gaming and sitting up late.

The Lass give me here,  
 Tho' brown as my Beer,  
 That knows how to govern her House,  
 That can milk her Cow,  
 Or farrow her Sow,  
 Make Butter and Cheese,  
 Or gather green Pease,  
 And values fine Clothes not a Soufe.

This is the Girl  
 Worth Rubies and Pearl,  
 A Wife that will make a Man rich;  
 We Gentlemen need  
 No Quality Breed,  
 To squander away  
 What Taxes wou'd pay;  
 We care not in faith for such.

SONG

## SONG LXX.

**Y**ES I could love, if I could find  
 A Mistress fitted to my Mind,  
 Whom neither Gold nor Pride could move,  
 To change her Virtue or her Love:

Loves to go neat, not to go fine,  
 Loves for myself, and not for mine;  
 Not City proud, nor nice and coy,  
 But full of Love, and full of Joy:

Not Childish young, nor Beldame old,  
 Not fiery hot, nor icy cold,  
 Not gravely wise to rule the State,  
 Not foolish to be pointed at:

Not worldly rich, nor basely poor,  
 Nor chaste, nor a reputed Whore:  
 If such an one you can discover,  
 Pray, Sir, intitle me her Lover.

## SONG LXXI.

**B**Leſ'd as th' immortal Gods is he,  
 The Youth who fondly ſits by thee,  
 And hears and ſees thee all the while,  
 Softly ſpeak and ſweetly ſmile.

'Twas this bereav'd my Soul of Reſt,  
 And rais'd ſuch Tumults in my Breaſt;  
 For while I gaz'd in Transport reſt,  
 My Breath was gone, my Voice was loſt.

My

My Bosom glow'd ; the subtile Flame  
 Ran quick thro' all my vital Frame ;  
 O'er my dim Eyes a Darkness hung,  
 My Ears with hollow Murmurs rung.

In dewy Damps my Limbs were chill'd,  
 My Blood with gentle Horrors thrill'd,  
 My feeble Pulse forgot to play,  
 I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

# SONG LXXII.

**Y**OU may cease to complain,  
 For your Suit is in vain,

All Attempts you can make  
 But augments her Disdain;

She bids you give over

While 'tis in your Power,

For except her Esteem

She can grant you no more:

Her Heart has been long since

Affaught and won,

Her Truth is as lasting

And firm as the Sun;

You'll find it more easy

Your Passion to cure,

Than for ever those fruitless

Endeavours endure.

You may give this Advice

To the Wretched and Wife;

But a Lover like me

Will those Precepts despise;



I scorn to give over,  
 Were it in my Power;  
 Tho' Esteem were deny'd me,  
 Yet her I'll adore,  
 A Heart that's been touch'd  
 Will some Sympathy bear,  
 'Twill lessen my Sorrows,  
 If she takes a Share;  
 I'll count it more Honour  
 In dying her Slave,  
 Than did her Affections  
 The Steadiness crave.

You may tell her I'll be  
 Her true Lover, tho' she  
 Should Mankind despise  
 Out of Hatred to me.  
 'Tis mean to give o'er  
 'Cause we get no Reward,  
 She lost not her Worth  
 When I lost her Regard:  
 My Love on an Altar  
 More noble shall burn,  
 I still will love on  
 Without Hopes of Return;  
 I'll tell her some other  
 Has kindled the Flame,  
 And I'll sigh for herself  
 In another one's Name.

SONG

## SONG LXXIII.

*The Tippling Philosophers.*

**D**iogenes furly and proud,  
 Who snarl'd at the *Macedon* Youth,  
 Delighted in Wine that was good,  
 Because in good Wine there was Truth;  
 But growing as poor as a *Job*,  
 Unable to purchase a Flask,  
 He chose for his Mansion a Tub,  
 And liv'd by the Scent of the Cask,

*Heraclitus* ne'er would deny  
 A Bumper, to cherish his Heart;  
 And when he was maudlin would cry,  
 Because he had empty'd his Quart:  
 Tho' some are so foolish to think,  
 He wept at Men's Follies and Vice,  
 'Twas only his Custom to drink,  
 Till the Liquor flow'd out of his Eyes.

*Democritus* alwas was glad  
 To tipple, and cherish his Soul;  
 Would laugh like a Man that was mad,  
 When over a good flowing Bowl;  
 As long as his Cellar was stor'd,  
 The Liquor he'd merrily quaff;  
 And when he was drunk as a Lord,  
 At them that were sober he'd laugh.

Wise *Solon*, who carefully gave  
 Good Laws unto *Athens* of old,  
 And thought the rich *Cræsus* a Slave  
 (Tho' a King) to his Coffers of Gold;

He delighted in plentiful Bowls;  
 But drinking, much Talk would decline,  
 Because 'twas the Custom of Fools,  
 To prattle much over their Wine,

Old *Socrates* ne'er was content,  
 Till a Bottle had heighten'd his Joys,  
 Who in's Cups to the Oracle went,  
 Or he ne'er had been counted so wise:  
 Late Hours he most certainly lov'd,  
 Made Wine the Delight of his Life,  
 Or *Xantippe* would never have prov'd  
 Such a damnable Scold of a Wife.

Grave *Seneca*, fam'd for his Parts,  
 Who tutor'd the Bully of *Rome*,  
 Grew wise o'er his Cups and his Quarts,  
 Which he drank like a Miser at home;  
 And, to shew he lov'd Wine that was good  
 To the last (we may truly aver it)  
 He tinctor'd his Bath with his Blood,  
 So fancy'd he died in his Claret,

*Pythagoras* did Silence enjoin  
 On his Pupils who Wisdom would seek;  
 Because he tippled good Wine,  
 Till himself was unable to speak;  
 And when he was whimsical grown,  
 With sipping his plentiful Bowls,  
 By the strength of the Juice in his Crown,  
 He conceiv'd Transmigration of Souls.

*Copernicus* too, like the rest,  
 Believ'd there was Wisdom in Wine,  
 And thought that a Cup of the best  
 Made Reason the brighter to shine;

With Wine he replenish'd his Veins,  
 And made his Philosophy reel;  
 Then fancy'd the World, like his Brains,  
 Turn'd round like a Chariot-Wheel.

*Aristotle*, that Master of Arts,  
 Had been but a Dunce without Wine,  
 And what we ascribe to his Parts,  
 Is due to the Juice of the Vine:  
 His Belly, most Writers agree,  
 Was big as a Watering-trough;  
 He therefore leap'd into the Sea,  
 Because he'd have Liquor enough.

Old *Plato* was reckon'd divine,  
 He fondly to Wisdom was prone;  
 But had it not been for good Wine,  
 His Merits had never been known.  
 By Wine we are generous made,  
 It furnishes Fancy with Wings,  
 Without it we ne'er shou'd have had  
 Philosophers, Poets, or Kings.

## S O N G LXXIV.

*Down among the dead Men.*

**H**ERE's a Health to the King, and a lasting  
 Peace;  
 May Faction be damn'd, and Discord cease:  
 Come, let us drink it while we've Breath,  
 For there's no drinking after Death;

And

And he that won't with this comply,

*Down among the dead Men,*

*Down among the dead Men,*

*Down, down, down, down,*

*Down among the dead Men, let him lie.*

Now a Health to the Queen, and may she long

Be'our first fair Toast to grace our Song;

Off wi' your Hats, wi' your Knee on the Ground,

Take off your Bumpers all around;

And he that will not drink this dry,

*Down among, &c. let him lie.*

Let charming Beauty's Health go round,

In whom celestial Joys are found;

And may Confusion still pursue

The senseless Woman-hating Crew;

And he that will this Health deny,

*Down among, &c. let him lie.*

Here's Thriving to Trade, and the Common-weal,

And Patriots to their Country leal;

But who for Bribes gives Satan his Soul,

May he ne'er laugh o'er a flowing Bowl;

And all that with such Rogues comply,

*Down among, &c. let them lie.*

In smiling Bacchus' Joys I'll roll,

Deny no Pleasure to my Soul;

Let Bacchus' Health round swiftly move,

For Bacchus is a Friend to Love;

And he that does this Health deny,

*Down among, &c. let him lie.*



## SONG LXXV.

**H**E that will not merry merry be,  
 With a generous Bowl and a Toast,  
 May he in *Bridewell* be shut up,  
 And fast bound to a Post:  
*Let him be merry merry there,*  
*And we'll be merry merry here;*  
*For who can know where we shall go,*  
*To be merry another Year?*

He that will not merry merry be,  
 And take his Glass in Course,  
 May he be oblig'd to drink small Beer,  
 Ne'er a Penny in his Purse:  
*Let him be merry, &c.*

He that will not merry merry be,  
 With a Company of jolly Boys,  
 May he be plagu'd with a scolding Wife,  
 To confound him with her Noise:  
*Let him be, &c.*

He that will not merry merry be,  
 With his Mistress in his Bed,  
 Let him be buried in the Church-yard,  
 And me put in his Stead:  
*Let him be merry, &c.*

SONG

## SONG LXXVI.

**J**OLLY Mortals, fill your Glasses;  
 Noble Deeds are done by Wine;  
 Scorn the Nymph and all her Graces:  
 Who'd for Love or Beauty pine?

Look upon this Bowl that's flowing,  
 And a thousand Charms you'll find,  
 More than in *Chloe* when just going,  
 In the Moment to be kind.

*Alexander* hated Thinking;  
 Drank about at Council-board;  
 Made Friends, and gain'd the World by drinking,  
 More than by his conquering Sword.

## SONG LXXVII.

**S**INCE we die by the Help of good Wine,  
 I will that a Tun be my Shrine;  
 And engrave it on my Tomb,  
 Here lies a Body, once so brave,  
 Who with drinking made his Grave,  
 Who with, &c.

Since thus to die will purchase Fame,  
 And leave an everlasting Name,  
 Since thus to die, &c.  
 Drink, drink away, drink, drink away,  
 And let us be nobly interr'd,  
 Drink, drink, &c.

Let Misers and Slaves  
 Pop into their Graves,  
 And rot in a dirty Church-yard,  
 And rot in a dirty Church-yard,  
*Let Misers, &c.*

---

# SONG LXXVIII.

**B**ACCHUS is a Power divine;  
 For he no sooner fills my Head  
 With mighty Wine,  
 But all my Cares resign,  
 And droop, and droop, and sink down dead:  
 Then, then the pleasing Thoughts begin,  
 And I in Riches flow,  
 At least I fancy so;  
 And without Thought of Want I sing,  
 Stretch'd on the Earth, my Head all around  
 With Flowers, weav'd into a Garland, crown'd:  
 Then, then I begin to live,  
 And scorn what all the World can show or give.  
 Let the brave Fools that fondly think  
 Of Honour, and delight  
 To make a Noise, a Noise, and fight,  
 Go seek out War whilst I seek Peace,  
 Whilst I seek Peace, seek Peace, and drink.  
 Whilst I seek Peace, seek Peace, and drink;  
 Then fill my Glass, fill fill it high;  
 Some perhaps think it fit to fall and die;  
 But when Bottles are rang'd  
 Make War with me,  
 The fighting Fool shall see,

When

When I am sunk,  
 The Difference to lie dead,  
 And lie déad drunk;  
*The fighting Fool, &c.*

---

## SONG LXXIX.

**Y**E Virgin Powers, defend my Heart,  
 From amorous Looks and Smiles;  
 From saucy Love, or nicer Art,  
 Which most our Sex beguiles.

From Sighs and Vows, and awful Fears,  
 That do to Pity move;  
 From speaking Silence, and from Tears,  
 Those Springs that water Love.

But if thro' Passion I grow blind,  
 Let Honour be my Guide;  
 And when frail Nature seems inclin'd,  
 There place a Guard of Pride.

An Heart, whose Flames are seen, tho' pure,  
 Needs every Virtue's Aid;  
 And she who thinks herself secure,  
 The soonest is betray'd.

---

## SONG LXXX.

**W**HY shou'd a foolish Marriage-Vow,  
 Which long ago was made,  
 Oblige us to each other now,  
 When Passion is decay'd?

We lov'd, and we lov'd  
 As long as we cou'd,  
 Till Love was lov'd out of us both;  
 But our Marriage is dead,  
 When the Pleasure is fled;  
 'Twas Pleasure first made it an Oath.

If I have Pleasures for a Friend,  
 And further Love in store,  
 What Wrong has he whose Joys did end,  
 And who cou'd give no more?  
 'Tis a Madness that he  
 Shou'd be jealous of me,  
 Or that I shou'd bar him of another;  
 For all we can gain,  
 Is to give our selves Pain,  
 When neither can hinder the other.

## SONG LXXXI.

**M**Y dear Mistress has a Heart,  
 Soft as these kind Looks she gave me,  
 When with Love's resistless Art,  
 And her Eyes she did enslave me;  
 But her Constancy's so weak,  
 She's so wild and apt to wander,  
 That my jealous Heart would break,  
 Shou'd we live one Day asunder.

Melting Joys about her move,  
 Killing Pleasures, wounding Bliss;  
 She can dress her Eyes in Love,  
 And her Lips can arm with Kisses.

Angels



Angels listen when she speaks;

She's my Delight, all Mankind's Wonder;  
But my jealous Heart wou'd break,  
Shou'd we live one Day asunder.

## SONG LXXXII.

I'LL fail upon the *Dog-star*,

And then pursue the Morning;

I'll chase the Moon till it be Noon,

I'll make her leave her *Horning*.

I'll climb the frosty Mountain,

And there I'll coin the Weather;

I'll tear the Rainbow from the Sky,

And tye both Ends together:

The Stars pluck from their Orbs too,

And crowd them in my Budget;

And whether I'm a roaring Boy,

Let *Gresham* College judge it:

While I mount yon blue *Cœlum*,

To shun the tempting Gippies;

Play at Foot-ball with Sun and Moon,

And fright ye with Eclipses.

## SONG LXXXIII.

JAMES.

**P**RITHEE, *Susan*, what dost muse on,

By this doleful Spring?

You are, I fear, in love, my Dear;

Alas, poor Thing!

N S.

SUSAN.

SUSAN.

Truly, *Jamie*, I must blame ye,  
You look so pale and wan;  
I fear 'twill prove you are in love;  
Alas poor Man!

JAMES.

Nay, my *Suey*, now I view ye;  
Well I know your Smart,  
When you're alone you sigh and groan;  
Alas poor Heart!

SUSAN.

*Jamie*, hold; I dare be bold  
To say, thy Heart is stole,  
And know the She as well as thee;  
Alas poor Soul!

JAMES.

Then, my *Sue*, tell me who;  
I'll give thee Beads of Pearl,  
And ease thy Heart of all this Smart;  
Alas poor Girl!

SUSAN.

*Jamie*, no, if you shou'd know,  
I fear 'twou'd make you sad,  
And pine away both Night and Day;  
Alas poor Lad!

JAMES.

Why then, my *Sue*, it is for you,  
That I burn in these Flames;  
And when I die, I know you'll cry,  
Alas poor *James*!

SUSAN.

Say you so, then, *Jamie*, know,  
If you should prove untrue,  
Then must I likewise cry,  
Alas poor *Sue*!

Quoth

Quoth he, then join thy Hand with mine,

And we will wed to-day :

I do agree, here 'tis, quoth she,

Come let's away.

## SONG LXXXIV.

**W**HEN, lovely *Phillis*, thou art kind,  
Nought but Raptures fill my Mind;

'Tis then I think thee so divine,

T'excel the mighty Power of Wine :

But when thou insult'st, and laughs at my Pain,

I wash thee away with sparkling *Champaign*;

So bravely contemn both the Boy and his Mother,

And drive out one God by the Power of another.

When Pity in thy Looks I see,

I frailly quit my Friends for thee ;

Persuasive Love so charms me then,

My Freedom I'd not wish again :

But when thou art cruel, and heeds not my Care,

Then straight with a Bumper I banish Despair ;

So bravely contemn both the Boy and his Mother,

And drive out one God by the Power of another.

## SONG LXXXV.

**Y**OU that love Mirth, attend to my Song,

A Moment you never can better employ ;

*Sawny* and *Teague* were trudging along,

A bony *Scots* Lad and an *Irish* Dear-Joy ;

They

They neither before had seen a Wind-mill,  
 Nor had they heard ever of any such Name:  
 As they were a walking,  
 And merrily talking,  
 At last by meer Chance to a Wind-mill they came.

Haha! crys *Sawny*, what do ye ca' that?

To tell the right Name o't I am at a loss.

*Teague* very readily answer'd the *Scot*;

Indeed I believe it'sh Shaint *Patrick's* Cross.

Says *Sawny*, ye'll find your sell meikle mistaken,

For it is Saint *Andrew's* Cross I can swear;

For there is his Bonnet,

And Tartans hang on it,

The Plaid and the Trews our Apostle did wear.

Nay, o' my Shoul, Joy, thou tellest all Lees,

For that I will swear is Shaint *Patrick's* Coat;

I shee'r him in *Irland* buying the Freeze;

And that I am shureish the shame that he bought;

And he is a Shaint mufh better than ever

Made eith'r the Covenant'sh sholerin or League:

For o' my Shalwashion,

He was my Relashion,

And had a great Kindness for honest poor *Teague*.

Wherefore says *Teague* I will by my Shoul,

Lay down my Napthack, and take out my Beads;

And under this holy Cross, Fet I will fall,

And shay *Pater-noshter*, and shome of our Creeds:

So *Teague* began with humble Devotion,

To kneel down before St. *Patrick's* Cross;

The Wind fell a blowing,

And set it a-going,

And it gave our Dear-Joy a terrible Toss.

*Sawny*

*Sawny* tehee'd, to see how poor *Teague*

Lay scratching his Ears, and roll on the Grass,  
Swearing, it was surely the De'il's Whirlygig,

And none (he roar'd out) of *St. Patrick's Cross*:  
But ish it indeed, crys he in a Passion,

The Cross of our Shaint that has crosht me so fore,  
Upo' my Salwashion,

This shall be a Cawshion,

To trust to *St. Patrick's* Kindnesht no more.

*Sawny* to *Teague* then merrily cry'd,

This Patron of yours is a very sad Loun,  
To hit you sic a fair Thump on the Hide,

For kneeling before him, and seeking a Boon:  
Let me advise ye to serve our *St. Andrew*,

He, by my Saul, was a special gude Man;

For since your *St. Patrick*

Has serv'd ye sic a Trick,

I'd see him hung up e'er I serv'd him again.

## SONG LXXXVI

**M**AY the Ambitious ever find

Success in Crowds and Noise,

While gentle Love does fill my Mind

With silent real Joys.

May Knaves and Fools grow rich and great,

And all the World think them wise,

While I lie at my *Nanny's* Feet,

And all the World despise.



Let conquering Kings new Triumphs raise,  
 And melt in Court-Delights :  
 Her Eyes can give much brighter Days,  
 Her Arms much softer Nights.

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## S O N G LXXXVII.

**C**ELIA, too late you wou'd repent :  
 The offering all your Store,  
 Is now but like a Pardon sent,  
 To one that's dead before.

While at the first you cruel prov'd,  
 And grant the Bliss too late,  
 You hinder'd me of one I lov'd,  
 To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent as fair,  
 When first my Court I made ;  
 But when your Falshoods plain appear,  
 My Love no longer stay'd.

Your Bounty of these Favours shown,  
 Whose Worth you first deface,  
 Is melting valu'd Medals down,  
 And giving us the Brass.

O! since the Thing we beg's a Toy,  
 That's priz'd by Love alone,  
 Why cannot Women grant the Joy,  
 Before the Love is gone.

S O N G

## SONG LXXXVIII.

**Y**ES, all the World will sure agree,  
He who's secur'd of having thee,  
Will be entirely blest;

But 'twere in me too great a Wrong,  
To make one who has been so long  
My *Queen*, my *Slave* at last.

Nor ought these Things to be confin'd,  
That were for publick Good design'd:

Cou'd we, in foolish Pride,  
Make the Sun always with us stay,  
'Twould burn our Corn and Grass away,  
To starve the World beside.

Let not the Thoughts of parting, fright  
Two Souls which Passion does unite;

For while our Love does last,  
Neither will strive to go away,  
And why the Devil should we stay,  
When once that Love is past.

## SONG LXXXIX.

**M**Y Goddess *Lydia*, heavenly fair,  
As Lilly sweet, as soft as Air,  
Let loose thy Tresses, spread thy Charms,  
And to my Love give fresh Alarms.

O! let me gaze on these bright Eyes,  
Tho' sacred Lightning from them flies,

Shew

Shew me that soft that modest Grace,  
Which paints with charming Red thy Face.

Give me *Ambrosia* in a Kiss,  
That I may rival *Jove* in Bliss,  
That I may mix my Soul with thine,  
And make the Pleasure all divine.

O hide thy Bosom's killing White,  
(The milky Way is not so bright),  
Lest you my ravish'd Soul oppress,  
With Beauty's Pomp, and sweet Excess.

Why draw'st thou from the Purple Flood  
Of my kind Heart the vital Blood?  
Thou art all over endless Charms;  
O! take me dying to thy Arms.

# SONG XC.

**W**HY we love, and why we hate,  
Is not granted us to know;  
Random Chance, or wilful Fate,  
Guides the Shaft from *Cupid's* Bow.

If on me *Zelinda* frown,  
'Tis Madness all in me to grieve;  
Since her Will is not her own,  
Why should I uneasy live?

If I for *Zelinda* die,  
Deaf to poor *Micella's* Cries,  
Ask not me the Reason why,  
Seek the Riddle in the Skies.

## S O N G XCI.

**H**ARK how the Trumpet sounds to Battle,  
 Hark how the thundring Cannons rattle;  
 Cruel Ambition now calls me away,  
 While I have ten thousand soft Things to say.

While Honour alarms me,  
 Young *Cupid* disarms me,  
 And *Celia* so charms me,  
 I cannot away.

Hark again, Honour calls me to Arms,  
 Hark how the Trumpet sweetly charms;  
*Celia* no more then must be obey'd,  
 Cannons are roaring, and Ensigns display'd :

The Thoughts of Promotion,  
 Inspire such a Notion,  
 Of *Celia's* Devotion,  
 I'm no more afraid.

Guard her for me, celestial Powers,  
 Ye Gods, bless the Nymph with happy soft Hours;  
 O may she ever to love me incline,  
 Such lovely Perfections I cannot resign;

Firm Constancy grant her,  
 My true Love shall haunt her,  
 My Soul cannot want her,  
 She's all so divine.

## S O N G X C H.

**S**HALL I, waisting in Despair,  
 Die because a Woman's fair?  
 Shall my Cheeks look pale with Care,  
 Cause another's rosie are?  
 Be she fairer than the Day,  
 Or the flow'ry Meads in *May*;  
 Yet if she think not well of me,  
 What care I how fair she be.

Shall a Woman's Goodness move  
 Me to perish for her Love;  
 Or, her worthy Merits known,  
 Make me quite forget my own?  
 Be she with that Goodness blest,  
 As may merit Name the best;  
 Yet if she be not such to me,  
 What care I how good she be.

Be she good, or kind, or fair,  
 I will never more despair;  
 If she love me, this believe,  
 I will die e'er she shall grieve;  
 If she slight me when I woo,  
 I will scorn, and let her go:  
 So if she be not fit for me,  
 What care I for whom she be.

S O N G



## S O N G X C I I I.

**A**S the Snow in Vallies lying,  
*Phæbus* his warm Beams applying,  
 Soon dissolves and runs away;  
 So the Beauties, so the Graces,  
 Of the most bewitching Faces,  
 At approaching Age decay.

As a Tyrant, when degraded,  
 Is despis'd, and is upbraided,  
 By the Slaves he once control'd;  
 So the Nymph, if none could move her,  
 Is contemn'd by every Lover,  
 When her Charms are growing old.

Melancholick Looks and Whining,  
 Grieving, Quarrelling, and Pining,  
 Are th' Effects your Rigours move;  
 Soft Caresses, am'rous Glances,  
 Melting Sighs, transporting Trances,  
 Are the blest Effects of Love.

Fair Ones! while your Beauty's blooming,  
 Imploy Time, lest Age resuming  
 What your Youth profusely lends;  
 You are robb'd of all your Glories,  
 And condemn'd to tell old Stories,  
 To your unbelieving Friends.

S O N G

## S O N G X C I V.

**F**AIR *Amoret* is gone astray,  
 Pursue, and seek her, ev'ry Lover;  
 I'll tell the Signs by which you may  
 The wand'ring Shepherdess discover.

Coquet and coy at once her Air,  
 Both study'd, tho' both seem neglected;  
 Careless she is with artful Care,  
 Affecting to seem unaffected.

With Skill her Eyes dart ev'ry Glance,  
 Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect 'em;  
 For she'd persuade they wound by Chance,  
 Tho' certain Aim and Art direct them.

She likes her self, yet others hates,  
 For that which in herself she prizes;  
 And while she laughs at them, forgets  
 She is the Thing that she despises.

## S O N G X C V.

**D**AMON, if you will believe me,  
 'Tis not fighting round the Plain,  
 Song nor Sonnet can relieve ye;  
 Faint Attempts in Love are vain.

Urge but home the fair Occasion,  
 And be Master of the Field;  
 To a powerful kind Invasion,  
 'Twere a Madness not to yield.

Tho'

Tho' she vows, she'll ne'er permit ye,  
 Cries you're rude, and much to blame,  
 And with Tears implores your pity,  
 Be not merciful for Shame.

When the fierce Assault is over,  
*Chloris* Time enough will find  
 This her cruel furious Lover,  
 Much more gentle, not so kind.

## SONG XCVI.

**I**F she be not kind as fair,  
 But peevish and unhandy,  
 Leave her, she's only worth the Care  
 Of some spruce Jack-a-dandy,

I would not have thee such an Afs,  
 Hadst thou ne'er so much Leisure,  
 To sigh and whine for such a Lafs,  
 Whose Pride's above her Pleasure.

## SONG XCVII.

H E.

**A**WAKE, thou fairest Thing in Nature,  
 How can you sleep when Day does break?  
 How can you sleep, my Charming Creature,  
 When half a World for you are awake.

S H E.

S H E.

What Swain is this that sings so early,  
Under my Window, by the Dawn?

H E.

'Tis one, dear Nymph, that loves you dearly,  
Therefore in pity ease my Pain.

S H E.

Softly, else you'll 'wake my Mother,  
No Tales of Love she lets me hear;  
Go tell your Passion to some other,  
Or whisper 't softly in my Ear.

H E.

How can you bid me love another,  
Or rob me of your beauteous Charms?  
'Tis time you were wean'd from your Mother,  
You're fitter for a Lover's Arms.

## S O N G XCVIII.

**I**N spite of Love, at length I've found,  
A Mistress that can please me,  
Her Humour free, and unconfin'd,  
Both Night and Day she'll ease me;  
No jealous Thoughts disturb my Mind,  
Tho' she's enjoy'd by all Mankind;  
Then drink and never spare it,  
'Tis a *Bottle* of good *Claret*.

If you, thro' all her naked Charms,  
Her little Mouth discover,  
Then take her blushing to your Arms,  
And use her like a Lover;

Such

Such Liquor she'll distill from thence,  
 As will transport your ravish'd Sense:  
 Then kiss and never spare it,  
 'Tis a *Bottle* of good *Claret*.

But best of all! she has no Tongue;  
 Submissive she obeys me,  
 She's fully better old than young,  
 And still to smiling sways me;  
 Her Skin is smooth, Complexion black,  
 And has a most delicious Smack;  
 Then kiss and never spare it,  
 'Tis a *Bottle* of good *Claret*.

If you her Excellence would taste,  
 Be sure you use her kind, Sir,  
 Clap your Hand about her Waist,  
 And raise her up behind, Sir;  
 As for her Bottom never doubt,  
 Push but home, and you'll find it out;  
 Then drink and never spare it,  
 'Tis a *Bottle* of good *Claret*.

## S O N G   X C I X .

**O** Surprising lovely Fair!  
 Who with *Chloe* can compare?  
 Sure she's form'd for Beauty's Queen,  
 Her Wit, her Shape, her Grace, her Mien;  
 By far excels all Nymphs I've seen;  
     No Mortal Eye  
     Can view her nig<sup>s</sup>,

**Too**



Too exquisite for Human Sight to see:

Tho' she ne'er may be kind,

Nor for me e'er design'd,

Yet I love, I love, I love

The charming She.

## SONG C.

**W**HEN bright *Aurelia* tript the Plain,  
How chearful then were seen,

The Looks of every jolly Swain,

That strove *Aurelia's* Heart to gain,

With Gambols on the Green?

Their Sports were innocent and gay,

Mixt with a manly Air,

They'd sing and dance, and pipe and play,

Each strove to please some different way

This dear enchanting Fair.

The ambitious Strife she did admire,

And equally approve,

'Till *Phaon's* tuneful Voice and Lyre,

With softest Musick did inspire

Her Soul to generous Love.

Their wonted Sports the rest declin'd,

Their Arts prov'd all in vain;

*Aurelia's* constant now they find,

The more they languish and repine,

The more she loves the Swain.

## SONG CI

**A**WAY you Rover,  
For shame give over,  
You play the Loves

So like an As;  
You are for storming,  
You think you're charming,  
Your faint performing,  
We read in your Face.

## SONG CII.

**H**E, who for ever,  
Wou'd hope for Favour,  
He must endeavour

To charm the Fair:

He dances, he dances,

He da-a-a-a-a-ances,

He sighs, and glances,

He makes Advances,

He sings, and dances,

And mends his Air.

## SONG III.

**G**O, go, go, go falsest of thy Sex be gone;  
 Leave, leave, ah leave, leave me to myself  
 alone!

Why would you strive by fond Pretence,  
 Thus to destroy my Innocence?

Go, go, &c. — Leave, leave, &c.

Young *Celia*, you too late betray'd,  
 Then thus you did the Nymph upbraid,

“ Love like a Dream usher'd by Night,

“ Flies the Approach of Morning Light.

Go, go, &c. — Leave, leave, &c.

She that believes Man when he swears,

Or least regards his Oaths and Prayers,

May she, fond she, be most accurst;

Nay more, be subject to his Lust.

Go, go, &c. — Leave, leave, &c.

## SONG CIV.

**B**ELINDA, with affected Mien,

Tries all the Power of Art;

Yet finds her Efforts all in vain,

To gain a single Heart:

Whilst *Chloe* in a different way,

Is but her self, to please,

And makes new Conquests every Day,

Without one borrowed Grace.

*Belinda's*

*Belinda's* haughty Air destroys  
 What native Charms inspire;  
 While *Chloe's* artless shining Eyes  
 Set all the World on fire.  
*Belinda* may our Pity move;  
 But *Chloe* gives us Pain,  
 And while she smiles us into Love;  
 Her Sister frowns in vain.

---

## SONG CV.

**O**N a Bank of Flowers,  
 In a Summer Day,  
 Inviting and undrest,  
 In her Bloom of Youth,  
 Fair *Celia* lay,  
 With Love and Sleep oppress'd;  
 When a youthful Swain,  
 With admiring Eyes,  
 Wish'd that he durst  
 The sweet Maid surprize;  
 With a *fa, la, la, la*, &c.  
 But fear'd approaching Spies.

As he gaz'd,  
 A gentle *Zephyr* arose,  
 That fann'd her Robes aside;  
 And the sleeping Nymph  
 Did the Charms disclose,  
 Which waking she would hide:

Then his Breath grew short,  
 And his Pulse beat high,  
 He long'd to touch  
 What he chanc'd to spy;  
*With a fa, la, la, &c.*  
 But durst not still draw nigh.

All amaz'd he stood,  
 With her Beauties fir'd,  
 And bless'd the courteous Wind;  
 Then in Whispers sigh'd,  
 And the Gods desir'd,  
 That *Celia* might be kind,  
 When with Hopes grown bold,  
 He advanc'd amain;  
 But she laugh'd aloud  
 In a Dream, and again,  
*With a fa, la, la, &c.*  
 Repell'd the timorous Swain.

Yet the amorous Youth,  
 To relieve his soft Pain,  
 The slumbering Maid caress'd;  
 And with trembling Hand  
 (O simple poor Swain!)  
 Her glowing Bosom press'd:  
 When the Virgin awak'd,  
 And affrighted flew,  
 Yet look'd as wishing  
 He would pursue;  
*With a fa, la, la, &c.*  
 But *Damon* miss'd his Cue.



Now, now repenting,  
 That he had let her fly,  
 Himself he thus accus'd,  
 What a dull and a stupid  
 Blockhead was I,  
 That such a Chance abus'd ;  
 To my Shame 'twill now  
 On the Plains be said,  
 Damon a Virgin  
 Asleep betray'd,  
 With a fa, la, la, &c.  
 And let her go a Maid.

---

## S O N G C V I.

**W**HILE silently I lov'd, nor dar'd  
 To tell my Crime aloud,  
 The Influence of your Smiles I shar'd,  
 In common with the Crowd.

But when I once my Flame express'd,  
 In hopes to ease my Pain,  
 You singl'd me out from all the rest,  
 The Mark of your Disdain.

If thus, *Corinna*, you shall frown  
 On all that do adore,  
 Then all Mankind must be undone,  
 Or you must smile no more.

## SONG CVII.

**O**H! happy, happy Grove,  
 Witness of our tender Love;  
 Oh! happy, happy Shade,  
 Where first our Vows were made;  
 Blushing, sighing, melting, dying,  
 Looks would charm a *Jove*;  
 A thousand pretty Things she said,  
 And all—and all was Love:  
 But *Corinna* perjur'd proves,  
 And forsakes the shady Groves;  
 When I speak of mutual Joys,  
 She knows not what I mean;  
 Wanton Glances, fond Caresses,  
 Now no more are seen,  
 Since the false deluding fair,  
 Has left the flow'ry Green:  
 Mourn, ye Nymphs, that sporting play'd  
 Where poor *Strephon* was betray'd:  
 There the secret Wound she gave,  
 When I was made her Slave.

SONG

## SONG CVIII

**T**HE Sages of old,  
 In Prophecy told,  
 The Cause of a Nation's Undoing;  
 But our new *English* Breed,  
 No Prophecies need,  
 For each one here seeks his own Ruin.

With Grumbling and Jars,  
 We promote Civil Wars,  
 And preach up false Tenets to many;  
 We snarl and we bite,  
 We rail and we fight  
 For Religion, yet no Man has any.

Then him let's commend,  
 That's true to his Friend,  
 And the Church and the Senate would settle;  
 Who delights not in Blood,  
 But draws when he should,  
 And bravely stands brunt to the Battle.

Who rails not at Kings,  
 Nor politick Things,  
 Nor Treason will speak when he's mellow,  
 But takes a full Glass,  
 To his Country's Success,  
 This, this is an honest brave Fellow.

## SONG CIX.

WE all to conquering Beauty bow,  
 Its pleasing Power admire;  
 But I ne'er knew a Face till now,  
 That cou'd like yours inspire:  
 Now I may say, I met with one,  
 Amazes all Mankind;  
 And, like Men gazing on the Sun,  
 With too much Light am blind.

Soft, as the tender moving Sighs,  
 When longing Lovers meet;  
 Like the divining Prophets, wise;  
 Like new-blown Roses, sweet:  
 Modest, yet gay; reserv'd, yet free;  
 Each happy Night a Bride;  
 A Mien like awful Majesty,  
 And yet no Spark of Pride.

The Patriarch, to win a Wife,  
 Chaste, beautiful and young,  
 Serv'd fourteen Years a painful Life,  
 And never thought it long:  
 Ah! were you to reward such Care,  
 And Life so long would stay,  
 Not fourteen, but four hundred Years,  
 Would seem but as one Day.

## SONG CX.

**P**RITHEE, Billy, be'nt so silly,  
 Thus to waste thy Days in Grief;  
 You say, *Betty* will not let ye;  
 But can Sorrow bring Relief?

Leave repining, cease your whining;  
 Pox on Torment, Tears and Woe;  
 If she's tender, she'll surrender;  
 If she's tough,—e'en let her go.

## SONG CXI.

**K**INDLY, kindly, thus, my Treasure,  
 Ever love me, ever charm;  
 Let thy Passion know no Measure,  
 Yet no jealous Fear alarm.

Why shou'd we, our Bliss beguiling,  
 By dull doubting fall at odds?  
 Meet my soft Embraces smiling,  
 We'll be as happy as the Gods.



## SONG CXII.

**A** Sour Reformation  
 Crawls out thro' the Nation,  
 While dunder-head Sages,  
 Who hope for good Wages,  
 Direct us the Way.  
 Ye Sons of the Muses,  
 Then cloke your Abuses;  
 And, lest you shou'd trample  
 On pious Example,  
 Observe and obey.

Time-frenzy Curers,  
 And stubborn Nonjurors,  
 For want of Diversion,  
 Now scourge the leud Times:  
 They've hinted, they've printed,  
 Our Vein it profane is;  
 And worst of all Crimes;  
 The clod-pated Railers,  
 Smiths, Coblers and *Colliers*,  
 Have damn'd all our Rhimes:

Under the Notion  
 Of Zeal for Devotion,  
 The Humour has fir'd 'em,  
 And Malice inspir'd 'em,  
 To tutor the Age:  
 But if in Season,  
 You'd know the true Reason;  
 The Hopes of Preferment,  
 Is what makes the Vermin  
 Now rail at the Stage.

Cuckolds and Canters,  
With Scruples and Banters,  
Old *Oliver's* Peal,

Against Poetry ring:  
But let State Revolvers,  
And Treason Absolvers,  
Excuse, if I sing,  
The Rebel that chuses  
To cry down the Muses,  
Wou'd cry down the King.

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Cuckolds and Canters  
With Stungles and Panters  
Old Oliver's Post  
Against Poetry sing:  
But let some Revolver  
And T. or an Assassin  
Expectant I sing  
The Rebel that chases  
To cry down the blues  
World cry down the King



C.O.M.

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